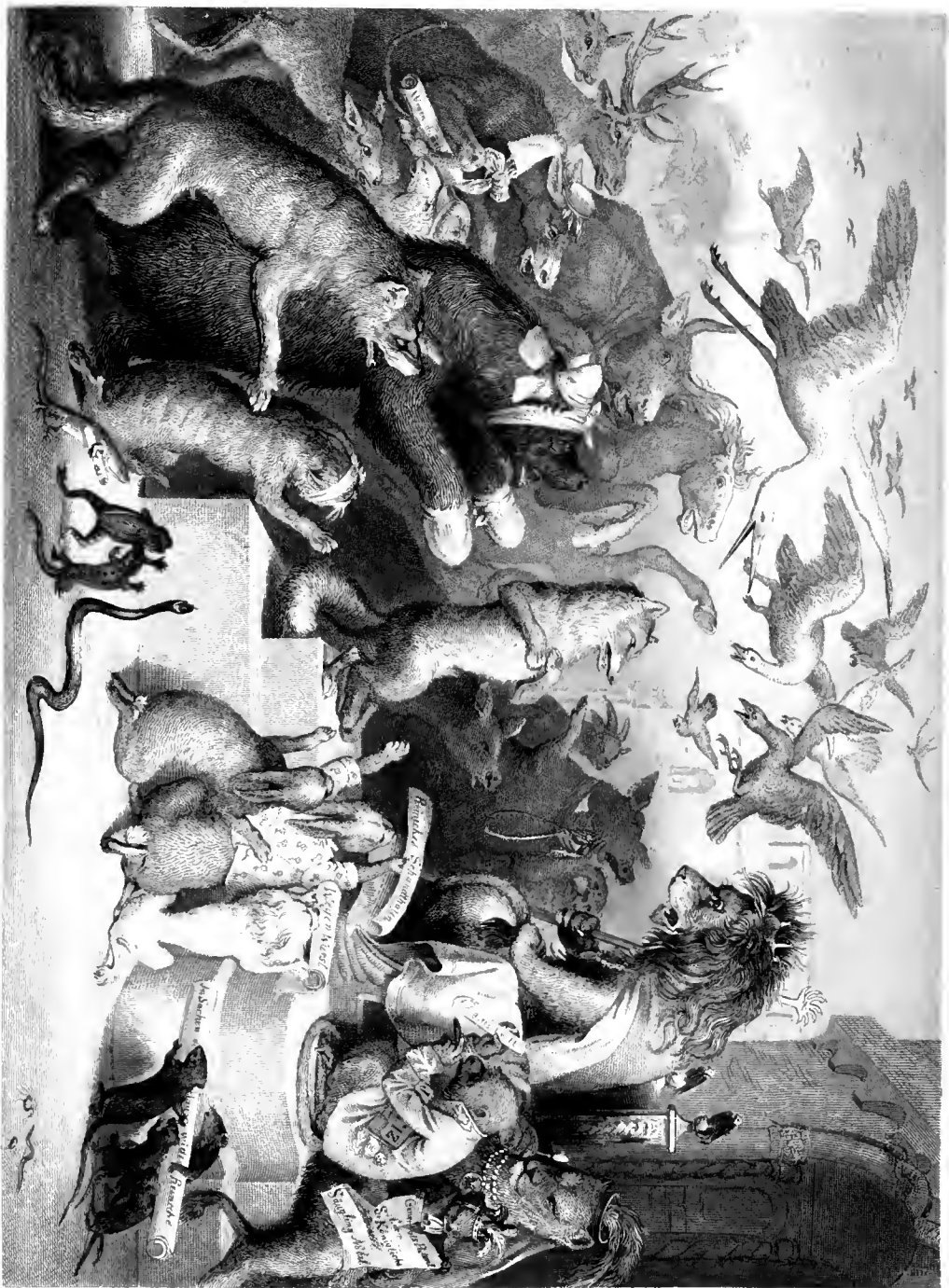


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Homage to the

Hands of the

Reynard the Fox



Reynard at home. Reincke zu Haus.

REYNARD THE FOX,

A

POEM IN TWELVE CANTOS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

E. W. HOLLOWAY.

WITH THIRTY-SEVEN ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AFTER DESIGNS

BY

H. LEUTEMANN.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

BY

A. H. PAYNE.

DRESDEN AND LEIPZIG.

W. FRENCH.

LONDON. 67, PATERNOSTER ROW.

P R E F A C E.

Fables and tales, in which the imagination of the narrator invests animals with the faculties of speech and reason, and represents them as acting under the influence of motives similar to those which would affect human beings in like circumstances, owe their origin to a very early state of society, in which the hunter and the herdsman, compelled by the necessities of their occupations to a close observation of the animals which formed the objects of their pursuit or of their care, acquired by the daily exercise of this faculty, an intimate acquaintance with their various habits and peculiarities. For those animals with which mankind were most familiar, as well as for those whose strength, cunning, or ferocity, rendered them objects of fear or of aversion, there arose in addition to their proper appellations, by-names, expressive of the feelings with which they were regarded; and these in the course of time, becoming established as regular appellations, were sometimes combined with the proper name, and sometimes superseded it.

If the relation thus established between man and the inferior animals, had its bounds in reality, these were easily overstepped by the imagination; and as a child is unaware of the gulf which separates the human being from the brute creation, and treats animals as creatures scarcely inferior to itself, so in early ages they were regarded with very different feelings from those which exist in later times. That men were sometimes transformed into animals, and animals into men, formed an article in the creed of many of the nations of antiquity, and from this belief arose in all probability, the strange doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In times of need or danger, they expected counsel and even assistance, from certain animals; while to others they attributed powers of evil, far greater than they really possessed, and avoided from superstitious fear, even to pronounce their names.

Without animals, the colour and sex of which demanded the most serious consideration, certain sacrifices could not be performed, nor auguries obtained; and the flight of birds and the movements of beasts, were supposed to forebode success or misfortune, to the undertakings in which they chanced to be engaged. In their inarticulate cries (which certain gifted persons professed to understand), they were supposed to hold converse concerning the affairs and destiny of the human race, to discuss their actions, and to foretell the results. Where these or similar ideas existed, it is evident that imagination would soon produce tales and fables, in which irrational creatures would be represented as con-

ducting their loves and wars, their search for prey, and their migrations from one place to another, on the same principles, and from the same motives, as those of mankind; and that these fictions gradually accumulating, and receiving the stamp of antiquity, would form the ground on which new fables of a similar character would arise; but bearing a more modern stamp, and adapted to the ideas and feelings of the age in which they were written. Poetry, soon assigned to the animals who were already half human in their actions, the necessary gift of human speech, a concession indispensable to their employment in fable, yet scarcely more repugnant to reason than the ordinary poetical licence by which two heroes or chiefs of different nations, are enabled to harangue each other in the same language.

Fictions of this description are therefore, like all epic poetry, founded upon ancient traditions, which possessing an innate vitality sufficient to render them capable of adapting themselves to the changes of time and circumstances, re-appeared at different periods in new forms and phases, exhibiting at each stage of their developement, peculiarities derived from the manners and customs of the time. They differ from other epic poetry only in the circumstance that this, if not always describing actual occurrences, is closely connected with the history of the past, and deals with events at least within the bounds of possibility; while fable assumes a ground which renders it necessary to abandon even the appearance of truth, and appeals entirely to the imagination of the reader. As language has assigned a sex to many inanimate objects, poetry has invested animals with a history; and once admitted into the province of fable, all doubts of the reality of the incidents begin to vanish; we feel ourselves interested, and as it were carried away by the stream of the narrative, and feel a sympathy for the animals whose adventures are recorded, which is scarcely less vivid than that excited by the human heroes of a poem or a legend. We forget that the actors are merely beasts, and attribute to them the faculties, sentiments, and inclinations of the human race; and consequently see without astonishment, human beings introduced into the story, and performing their parts on terms of perfect equality with the inferior animals; These characteristics give to fable a peculiar charm, which is wanting in legends in which the actors are entirely human, and which arises from the circumstance that the characters combine the intellect habits, and customs of men, with the instincts and propensities of animals. Thus, the murdered Hen is borne on a bier to the King, who causes the funeral service to be performed over her remains, and a monument to be erected to her memory; the Wolf is received into a cloister of monks, and invested with the tonsure, and the Man in his dispute with the Serpent, admits the Lion to be the natural judge of the cause. On the other hand, the peculiarities of the various animals are called into play, and contribute in no small degree to the interest of the story. The fondness which the Bear exhibits for honey, and the Cat for mice, produces two of the most amusing incidents; while in his combat with the Wolf, the Fox has recourse to all his natural artifices, for the purpose of annoying his enemy. This combination of two opposite elements is indispensable to the purposes of fable, and a tale in which the characters acted wholly as men, or wholly as animals, would be deficient in the spirit proper to this class of compositions.

The original intention of fables seems to have been merely to produce amusement by representing human actions parodied by animals, and in their most ancient form they can neither be considered as satires on the vices or follies of mankind, nor as parabolical accounts of historical occurrences; while

their application to a burlesque on serious poetry, belongs to a far later age than that in which they originated. Still less do they appear to have been intended as moral lectures, as in many instances, the bad by the exercise of greater acuteness, obtain the advantage over the good. The vices of men appear to be sometimes represented as the virtues of animals, as if our better qualities were of too high an order to be shared by them, and the similarity was intended to be confined to those qualities which man possesses in common with the brute creation. Hence it is their cunning, falsehood, rage, envy, malice, and stupidity, and the crimes and failings arising from these qualities, which are usually exhibited, and but seldom the nobler emotions of love, fidelity, or generosity; courage indeed is an exception to the rule, as this quality is too obvious in most wild animals, to be easily passed over. The moral therefore, when any is apparent, is mostly of a negative character, seldom amounting to more than a warning not to imitate the beasts.

The fables which have descended to us from the Greeks, and which are usually attributed to Æsop, have passed through so many hands, and have received so many alterations, that their original form is no longer to be perceived; while those of Phædrus, are mere imitations of those of Æsop, destitute alike of poetical feeling and of originality. Of more importance are the fables of Oriental origin, an examination of which would however lead us too far from our present purpose.

The fables composing the ancient poem of *Reynard the Fox*, are apparently of Teutonic origin, although from their similarity in some particulars to those of Æsop, they have been supposed to be indirectly derived from the same source. This opinion is however vehemently opposed by all German writers on the subject, on the ground that the fable of the Sickness of the Lion, which forms the motive of the earliest Latin poem on the subject, exists in a German manuscript of the tenth century, and can be traced with certainty to as early a period as the seventh; while at the latest of these dates, the fables of Æsop were unknown in western Europe. Jacob Grimm, the celebrated German philologist, in his elaborate work on the subject, entitled "*Reinhart Fuchs*," pronounces that these fables originated in the Netherlands, the north of France, and the western parts of Germany, and observes that: "As some plants and trees only flourish and attain to full perfection in certain latitudes, beyond which they pine away and perish, so the animal-fable, never passed beyond the bounds of those countries, and extended neither to the south of France, Italy or Spain, nor on the other side to the Celtic nations, England, Scandinavia, or Slavonia. On the side of Germany at least, this boundary appears to be somewhat too closely drawn, as the north-eastern part of that country, in which the Low-German version of *Reynard the Fox* appeared, as well as the places in which the smaller poems of a similar character arose, are thus entirely left out of consideration.

The earliest attempt at reducing the fables current in the Netherlands, to the form of a connected narrative, that has hitherto been discovered, is a poem in Latin hexameters, entitled *Isengrimus*, and written, as is inferred from internal evidence, in the first half of the twelfth century, by a clergyman of South-Flanders, whose name has however not descended to us. It was printed for the first time in 1834, in Jacob Grimm's *Reinhart Fuchs*; and consists of two fables or stories, ingeniously connected together by the circumstance of the Wolf's age.

The first commences with the Sickness of the Lion, who summons a court in order to provide for the succession, in the event of his death. All the animals appear, with the exception of *Reynard the*

Fox, and the Wolf takes advantage of his absence to calumniate his character and ruin his adherents, by advising the king to use the livers of the Goat and Ram, as medicines, and in the event of his health improving, to devour their flesh. Both being hated by him in consequence of an adventure in the house of the Chamois, which forms the subject of the second story. Joseph and Berfried (the Ram and Goat) drive the Wolf from before the throne with their horns, admonish him to take his proper place beside the Cat, and praise the Fox as having far better knowledge of medicine. The King orders him to be summoned, and appoints *Guthero* the Hare as his messenger; *Renard* promises to appear, but makes no haste to keep his word, first feeding himself fat, and then with a quantity of herbs, and a collection of old shoes, slowly wends his way to court. He excuses his delay by declaring, that on the first news of the King's sickness he had set out for Salerno, to seek for medicines, and had worn out numerous shoes by the way, that swollen with hunger, he had at length arrived with the necessary herbs; the virtues of which however, would only display themselves when the patient was wrapped in the skin of a Wolf, of four years old. This *Isengrim* was to supply, and receive again when done with. On hearing this proposal, the Wolf endeavours to slink off; but is seized and about to be flayed, when he declares he is too old, and his skin therefore useless for the desired purpose. *Renard* replies that on the occasion of the adventure with the Chamois, he was but two years and a half old, and that only a year had elapsed since that event. The Goat and Ram confirm this statement, and he is consequently stripped of his hide, only retaining that on his head and feet. *Isengrim* retires in sullen fury, and the Lion having drunk the juice of the herbs, and perspired beneath the Wolf's hide, recovers. *Renard* is rewarded and made councillor to the King; and to amuse his patron, relates the story of *Isengrim* and the Chamois.

Bertiliana (the Chamois), sets out on a pilgrimage; at first she is alone, but is afterwards joined by seven other animals, each of which has a separate task allotted to it. The advanced guard is formed by those bearing horns, the Hart, Ram and Goat. *Renard* is director of the journey, the Ass porter, the Goose sentinel, and the Hare time-keeper. An old Wolf greedy for prey, follows them to the house in which they take shelter for the night; but his vicinity is discovered by *Renard*, who bethinks him of a stratagem; and finding a dead Wolf hanging on a tree, cuts off its head and instructs *Joseph* how to conduct himself when *Isengrim* appears as guest. The night comes on, the pilgrims seat themselves at table, and the Wolf appears with peaceful greeting in the hut. At first they are terrified, but afterwards take heart, and desire him to be seated. *Bertiliana* asks: "What shall we set before our guest?" — *Joseph* replies: "There is nothing but wolves' heads." — "Bring one here," cries the Fox, and *Joseph* brings the head. At the sight of it, *Isengrim's* tail falls involuntarily between his legs, and he fervently wishes himself elsewhere. *Renard* exclaims: "This head is good for nothing, bring a larger!" *Joseph* goes and brings the same again. "This is also good for nothing!" cries *Renard*, "the largest are in the other corner; two of the seven will be sufficient; or stay, bring the largest of all, that is bound with the hazle switch, that will be the best eating." He goes and brings in the same head, with a cudgel in its mouth. The guest trembles, the other animals encourage him. *Gerhart* the Goose, says: "He must have a fever, who can he fear, except me? — Truly I could be terrible if I chose: the Wolf from whom I took this head was far stronger, and more cunning than he." — "Well," replies *Joseph*, "spare his, and let him eat: if

he likes the fare, we can supply him for nine nights." — "I am ill," cries *Isengrim*, "and astonished: who ever saw pilgrims carry with them the heads of so many wretched wolves?" — *Renard* replies: "We only take the heads of hostile wolves, not those of loving guests." — "I have missed my way," rejoins *Isengrim*, "my wife and children await me, farewell!" — "Will you not come with us?" cries the Hart, "We intend to hang or starve to death, all the wolves we meet with; and you can be our executioner." — "I am too young for the office," replies *Isengrim*, "being only two years and a half old."

In this poem, no traces of the threefold summons of the Fox to court, which forms a conspicuous incident in the later versions of the story, are to be perceived; but we observe in the accusations of the Wolf and the successful defence of the Fox, the foundation on which the subsequent structure was raised.

About fifty years after the production of *Isengrimus*, viz. in the latter half of the twelfth century, appeared another Latin poem, bearing the title of *Reinardus*, believed to be the production of a clergyman named Nivardus, who is supposed to have been an inmate of the monastery of St. Peter at Ghent. The work is evidently founded on the earlier poem of *Isengrimus*, but consists of twelve fables or adventures; that of the Sickness of the Lion, forming the point around which the rest are grouped. The story of *Bertiliana's* Pilgrimage also appears in this collection, but with considerable alterations and additions. The various tales are but slightly connected with each other, and that not always in the happiest manner; as in the tenth adventure, where the Wolf is punished by the Lion, for not giving him the largest share of the booty, a piece of his hide is stripped off from his shoulder to his tail; the writer apparently forgetting, that he had already been flayed, in a preceding story.

The next version of the story appears in the form of a High-German poem, also written in the twelfth century, by *Heinrich der Glîchsaere*, or *Glîchsenære*, but only existing as a whole, in altered copies of the thirteenth century, from which it was first printed, in 1817, and afterwards in Grimm's *Reinhart Fuchs*. Fragments of the original poem have since been discovered, and were published by the above named author in 1840. The work consists of ten fables, apparently taken from very ancient sources; and the threefold summons of the Fox to court, by the Bear, Cat and Badger, now appears for the first time. We also learn the cause of the Lion's Sickness (not given in the Latin poems), which is as follows: "The King had trodden down an ant-hill, which had refused to acknowledge his authority. The lord of the castle took revenge, and crept through the ear of the sleeping Lion, to the brain, and caused him pains that no one could allay." On the arrival of Reinhart, he orders the King a boiled hen with boar's fat, puts him to bed on the hide of the Bear, and covers him with that of the Wolf, both of which are stript off for the purpose. He then binds the patient with a girdle from the hide of the Hart, and places on his head a hat made from that of the Beaver. The ant creeps out of the King's head into the warm fur, and Reinhart letting the sun shine on the hat, finds the insect, which he threatens violently. The Ant excuses himself, and promises the Fox the lordship of a hundred castles, for his liberty; and pleased with this advantage Reinhart suffers him to escape. In the end, the Fox poisons the King, and escapes to his castle; a catastrophe in which this poem differs alike from those which preceded and followed it. The work bears internal evidence of having been taken from French sources, the names of the animals are German; but in

an impure form, as: Hersant for Herswint, Isengrín for Isengrim, &c. &c. while the names *Schantekler* and *Pinte* (the cock and hen) are completely French.

Proceeding in chronological order, we have now to notice the collection of French fables entitled the *Roman du Renart*, edited by Méon, and published in 1826. It consists of twenty-seven fables or tales, which however do not form a connected whole, but the broken thread of the narrative has to be taken up anew in each story, and they sometimes contradict each other on particular points. The oldest appear to have been written in the latter part of the twelfth century, but they would seem to have been altered and revised in the succeeding age, and none of the existing manuscripts are older than the fourteenth century. The poems were evidently produced at different times and by various persons; but the fables themselves had probably long circulated among the people, before they were written down and versified. The *Sickness of the Lion*, which forms the motive of the other poems, forms the subject of the twenty-first story; but it appears in an enfeebled and modernized form, and the cause of the Sickness is not related, as in *Reinhart*. In the sixteenth tale, appears the later form of the fable, in which the summons of the Fox to court, supersedes the older motive of the Lion's Sickness, and the threefold message is sent in the same manner as in *Reinhart*. The duel between the Fox and Wolf is also related in the nineteenth tale, but here *Renart* is vanquished, and only escapes by pretending to be dead. The *Roman du Renart* contains no less than 30,362 verses; and if we reckon the poems of *Le Couronnement de Renart*, and the *Nouveau Renart*, which have also been edited by Méon, this number rises to 41,748. In addition to these, there exists another work hitherto unprinted, called *Renart le contrefet*, which may perhaps contain as many; and we may hence obtain an idea of the immense extent to which this species of poetry was formerly cultivated in France. Under these circumstances it would be strange if the story never developed itself in a regular form; and Grimm considers it certain, that an older French poem, approaching closely in form to the German *Reinhart*, formerly existed; but of which no copy has hitherto been discovered.

The loss of this more perfect French poem (if it ever existed), is in some degree compensated by the discovery of the ancient Flemish romance of *Reinaert*, first printed in 1812, afterwards in Grimm's *Reinhart Fuchs*, and again, edited by the Flemish philologist Willems, in 1836, at Ghent. The work consists of two parts, of which the first (answering nearly to the first six cantos of the following translation) formed originally a complete poem; the second part being a continuation by another hand. Willems, holds the *Willem*, who is named as the author, in the first line of the poem, as the writer of the second part only, but ascribes to him at the same time, the revision of the first part, as contained in the Amsterdam M. S.; and considers him as identical with Willem Utenhove of Aerdenburg, in Flanders, who flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century. Grimm on the other hand, ascribes to him the authorship of the first part, and calls him Willem de Matok, because the first line of the poem, which in the Comburg M. S. is:

Willem die vele boeke maecte,

in the Amsterdam M. S. runs thus:

Willam die madock maecte

(*Dair hi dicke om waecte*),

and believes *maddock* to be the surname of the writer; while Willems considers the passage to mean

that *Willem*, was also the writer of a poem called *Maddock*; no copy of which has however been discovered.

We shall not attempt to decide a controversy, in which two writers so eminent for learning disagree; but content ourselves with the statement, that the first part of the poem seems to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the second part or continuation, from fifty to a hundred years later. The writer of the first part (according to his own statement) drew his materials from French sources, which have since perished; but the scene of the story is laid in Flanders, and especially in the district between Ghent and Antwerp. The author of the second part also took his materials from the French, as is evident from several passages.

It would seem that both poems soon came to be considered as one work, and it is probable they were generally placed together by the transcribers. After the invention of printing, both were reduced into prose by some unknown writer, who omitted the name of Willem; but in other respects followed his original closely; often suffering the rhymes to remain. The first edition of this prose, was printed at Gouda in Holland, in 1479, in 4to. and the second at Delft, in 1485, in 8vo. From this work arose an abridgement, intended for popular use, in which both the names and incidents were terribly mishandled; but it became a favorite with the public, passed through numerous editions in the course of the following three centuries, and still retains its popularity in Holland. No sooner had the prose version of the work appeared at Gouda, than the excellence of its contents occasioned its translation into the English language, and it was printed by Caxton 1481; another edition following in 1485 or 1487. In England as in Holland, a popular abridgement was found necessary, and appeared under the title of: "The most delectable history of Reynard the Fox. London 1639." This work still maintains its ground, a new edition having appeared in 1846. A continuation was also published, entitled: "The shifts of Reynardine, the son of Reynard the Fox. London 1684." There is also a French translation, called: *Reynier le renard, histoire tres joyeuse et recreative. Anvers. 1566. 8vo.*

We now arrive at the Low-German version of the poem, entitled *Reineke Bos*, of which the following pages contain a translation. It is written in the dialect of Lower-Saxony, the first edition was published at Lubeck in 1498, and the second at Rostock, in 1517. It may be considered on the whole, as a free translation from the Flemish poem, in which the writer has taken the liberty of condensing and expanding the descriptions according to his own ideas of taste and propriety, as also of omitting certain incidents, and introducing others. With regard to the author, the most singular doubt and perplexity prevails. In the preface to the first and second editions, is the following passage: "I Hinrek (Henry) von Alkmar, schoolmaster and teacher of ethics, to the noble Prince and Lord, the Duke of Lorraine, have at the wish of my gracious master, translated this book from the Italian (*Welsch*) and French languages, into German, to the honour of God and the wholesome learning of those who read therein, and have divided the said book into four parts." Yet this passage can scarcely apply to the person who translated the work from the Flemish into the Saxon dialect, as a comparison of the two poems shews that the latter has been taken directly from the former, and often follows the original word for word. "What," asks J. Grimm, "could induce a Dutchman at the court of Lorraine, to translate a French work into the dialect of Lower-Saxony, which must have been strange to him, and which no one there could understand?" He adds however that the chro-

nicles of Utrecht, shew that a certain Hendrick van Alkmaar, was expelled from that city between the years 1477 and 1481, but again permitted to reside there. He thinks it probable that Van Alkmaar afterwards became tutor to the children of Renat II. Duke of Lorraine, and supposes he may have slightly altered the Flemish poem, for the use of his pupils, dividing it at the same time into books and chapters, and adding a short prose introduction to each, in order that they might be more easily understood; and that Nicholas Baumann, to whom he attributes the authorship of the poem, adopted these alterations. And as both the first editions of the work have two prefaces, he imagines the first, containing the passage above quoted, to be written by Alkmaar, and the second by Baumann.

The only direct evidence in favour of Baumann as the author of the Saxon poem, is a passage in the preface to George Rollenhager's poem called the *Froschmäuseler*, in which it is said that the poem of Reineke Fuchs, was made by a learned and acute Saxon, Nicholas Bowman by name, and born near the source of the Weser. That he, having been for a time in the service of the Duke of Julich, was driven from thence by the calumnies of his enemies, and repairing to the court of Mecklenburg, became the secretary of Duke Magnus. That he wrote the story of Reineke Fuchs from his own experience in the Duchy of Julich, and gave it to Louis Dietz, who caused it to be printed in the year 1522. It appears from this passage that Rollenhager was ignorant of the existence of the two editions of 1498 and 1517, and singularly enough, no edition bearing the date of 1522, has hitherto been discovered. The earliest known edition by Dietz, was published in 1539, and differs from the two preceding, which were published before the reformation; inasmuch, as the old catholic prose between the chapters, is replaced by a protestant glossary, abounding in extracts from the controversial works of the time; and this has led to a suspicion that Baumann's only share in the work was the production of the new glossary, in which case the name of the writer of the poem is still to be sought for. The falsehood of the story that the poem is a satire on the court of Julich, is apparent at the first glance; but Grimm observes, that Baumann may have given out that such was the case, either to make himself of more importance, or to attract attention to his book.

While Alkmaar's altered version of the Flemish work (if it really ever existed) rapidly sank into oblivion, the Saxon poem met with constantly increasing attention. In the edition of 1539, and in all subsequent editions, the passage concerning Henry von Alkmaar is suppressed, but no mention whatever is made of Baumann; if this was also the case with the edition of 1522, is of course uncertain. The editions published in 1539, 1548, 1549, and 1553, are all by Dietz, are all in 4to, all contain 272 leaves, and are adorned with the same wood-cuts; but that of 1548, differs in some trifling particulars. The later editions, published in various parts of Germany, are very inferior both in correctness and beauty to those of Dietz; but of late years several careful and elegant reprints have been produced.

When the poem began to excite attention in Germany, an ill executed version in High-German verse, was produced by Michael Beuther, and published at Frankfort as the second part of a work called *Schimpf und Ernst* (Jest and Earnest), in 1544. It appears to have been popular, as numerous editions followed, in all of which the names of the animals are misspelt through negligence. The wood-cuts, in the quarto editions are copies from those published at Rostock, but those in the octavo

form, have better pictures, by Solis and Aman. In 1650, a new High-German version was published at Rostock, under the title of *Reineke Fuchs, d. i. ein sehr nützliches lust- and sinnreiches staatsbüchlein*. It is divided into three parts, with a new glossary suited to the taste of the time, and a preface, containing Rollenhager's account of Baumann. It is in verse; but has little of the spirit and humour of the original. From this work arose a version in High-German prose, which became popular, and passed through several editions. Both versions were adorned with the wood-cuts of Aman.

Beuther's prose text, was put into very elegant Latin verse by Hartmann Schopper, in 1566, and printed at Frankfort, in 1567. This version also passed through several editions, and tended in no small degree to spread the fame of the poem in foreign countries. From one of the early editions by Dietz, arose a Danish translation in verse, called: *en Raffuebog, som kaldes paa tyske Reineke Foss*, by Herman Weiger. Lübeck 1555. 4to. which was reprinted several times. From this arose a Swedish translation also in verse: *Reyneke Foss, thet är en skön och nyttigh dicht* &c. Stockholm 1621. 8vo. Also a prose version: *Reinick fuchs eller Michel räf 3 uplagan*. Stockholm 1775. 8vo. An unprinted version also exists in the Icelandic language, probably taken from the Danish.

Goethe's version, by which the poem is best known at present, appeared in 1794, and is merely a translation of the Low-German poem, into High-German hexameters. The sense of the original is closely followed, and the principal alterations consist in the omission of the glossary, and the division of the poem into twelve cantos. Its success has induced the production of several other High-German versions, but in prose and verse, the most important being that by K. Simrock, which follows the original nearly line for line.

Having thus traced the history of the original poem from the commencement of the twelfth century, to the present time, it only remains to add a few words respecting the present translation. The writer has followed his original as closely as the varying structure of the two languages would permit; and has to acknowledge the assistance he has derived in so doing, from consulting the above mentioned version by Simrock. In the omission of the glossary, and the division of the poem into cantos, he has followed the arrangement of Goethe, as that best adapted to the taste of the present time, and as permitting the story to proceed without interruption to its close. In several instances he has felt himself compelled to alter, or at least to qualify, the sense of the original, as the passages in question if literally translated, would have been offensive to the taste of his readers, and must necessarily have had the effect of excluding the work from the family circle. The same reasons have induced him to omit altogether an episode in the third canto, the more readily, as the omission does not in the slightest degree affect the thread of the narrative. Two or three obscure passages, the meaning of which even the acuteness and learning of the German commentators have failed to elicit, have also been left out, as their retention could only have served to puzzle the reader. In the versification he has endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible the quaint and homely simplicity of the original, but has occasionally varied the metre, to avoid the monotony inseparable from the continued recurrence of lines of the same length.

The German names of the animals, have with the exception of those of the Fox and Bear, been retained in the translation, as for many of them, the English language possesses no equivalent words, while those bearing a meaning, would when translated, have been but ill adapted for introduction into verse. With regard to the latter, it may be necessary to add a few words of explanation.

Reinke or *Reineke*, the name of the Fox in the original, is the diminutive of *Reinhart*, a proper name of a man, and itself a corruption of *Ragnohard*; which according to Grimm, is derived from the Gothic word *regan*, and signifies a counsellor. Accordingly, the excellent advice given by the Fox, is frequently alluded to in the story.

Isegrim or *Isangrim*, is also a proper name, applied to heroes and warriors, and means literally, Iron-grim. *Isan* or iron, being used as a synonyme for the sword or other weapon forged from that material. It implies a disposition cruel and unsparing as the sword, and is therefore very significantly applied to the Wolf.

The Bear is called in the Latin poems *Bruno*, in the Flemish *Brún*, and in the Saxon *Braun*, all of which names apply to the colour of the animal; while *Bellin*, the name of the Ram, is derived (according to the authority above quoted) from the Latin word *balare*, to bleat.

The names of the Lion, *Nobel* (noble), the She-wolf, *Gieremund* (Greedy-month), the young Wolves *Eitelbauch* (empty-belly) and *Nimmersatt* (never-full), the female Crow *Schafenebbe* (sharp-beak), the Hen *Kratzfuss* (scratch-foot), are all expressive of the various attributes of the animals; but the remainder, do not appear capable of so direct an application.

Leipzig 1852.

E. W. H.



W. Mann sculp.

A.H. Payne sc.

Reynard teaching the Crow. Reineke das Credo lehrend.

Reynard the Fox.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

'Twas on the feast of Whitsuntide,
The fields were green in summer pride,
And glittering o'er the mountain's side
A thousand flowers appear'd. —
Low from the thicket coo'd the dove,
And trilling loud their notes of love,
In every bush, and brake, and grove,
The feather'd quire were heard. —
From every bank and every vale,
The violet blue and primrose pale,
Perfumed the balmy air;
And all below, and all on high,
The earth, the streamlets, and the sky,
Were bright, and gay, and fair.

II.

Robel, the King of wood and waste,
His trusty heralds sent
Through all the land, in fiery haste,
To call his parliament:
Soon gathering round his awful throne,
Stood many a chief of high renown,
And many a haughty peer:
Cuthe, the Crane, in wisdom hoar,
Markart, the Jay, and many more,
Gather'd from far and near.
One only fail'd amidst the throng,
Reynard, a wicked wight,
Accused of many a grievous wrong,
And deed that shunn'd the light.

Of all the peers that there attend,
 The Badger was his only friend,
 And eke his brother's son;
 For every other valiant chief,
 Had each some private cause of grief,
 And plaint of evil done.

III.

The Wolf stood first before the throne,
 To state his case, and make his moan,
 And all the chieftains of his race,
 Follow'd him to the judgment place,
 "O King," he cried, "give ear!
 By thy vast power and ancient fame,
 Thine ample sway and sacred name,
 Attend a subject's prayer!
 Justice I crave on Reynard vile,
 For many a wicked deed of guile,
 Inflicted upon me;
 But most, that he, devoid of shame,
 Sullied the honour of my dame;
 And in a cruel, horrid, way,
 Which it beseems me not to say,
 Blinded my children three.
 'Tis true this tale hath long been told,
 But Reynard safe within his hold,
 Refuses me the least redress
 And scorns, O King! thy high behest,
 As witnesses can tell. —
 Not all the parchment made at Ghent,
 Would hold the sum of my complaint;
 And should I tell each knavish freak,
 The tale would last at least a week,
 Of Reynard's malice fell.
 Much therefore must remain unsaid;
 But for my wife's lost fame,
 Vengeance upon the traitor's head,
 Before thy throne I claim!"

IV.

As Isgrim concludes his rede,
 A little Dog of Gallic breed,
 Stands forth before the royal bench
 And utters his complaints in French.
 He tells how once, in winter drear,
 A pudding's end, his only cheer,
 The Fox had stolen away:
 But now arose a furious wight,
 A Cat of fame, Sir Jhuze hight;
 (Both voice and accent showed his rage)
 He cried: "O King and Magnates sage,
 Attend to me I pray!
 I speak not Reynard to defend,
 For of all creatures, in the end —
 None dread him more than I;
 But this old tale Wadertlos brings,
 Belongs to long forgotten things,
 And years have since past by:
 And if the truth you need must know,
 The pudding's end was mine, I trow!
 I found it on a certain night
 In a lone mill, in which with right,
 I hunted for my game.
 The weary miller soundly slept,
 And I into his pantry crept,
 I own it to my shame;
 But how could Wadertlos pretend
 A right to this *my* pudding's end?" —

V.

The Panther now takes up the word,
 And cries: "My noble King and Lord!
 What need more words? tis plain in brief,
 That Reynard is an arrant thief;
 Nor would the traitor hesitate,
 To overthrow thy royal state,
 If by the deed he only gain'd
 A capon for his private end. —
 Nor is this all; for by my fay!

He murders folks in open day. —
 A proof of this I now will tell,
 Which only yesterday befel:
 His victim see! the timid Hare,
 A man of virtues mild and rare,
 Who never is inclined to strife,
 And yet hath scarce escaped with life,

From Reynard's teeth and claws.
 The wily knave his path waylaid,
 Proposed to him his clerdy aid,
 To learn the Christian laws;
 And flatter'd him, a chaplain's place
 His many virtues well might grace.
 Charm'd with the offer, he agreed,
 And down they sat to sing the Creed;
 By accident I past that way,
 And listen'd to the holy lay:
 But scarce had Lampe sung a note,
 When Reynard seized him by the throat —
 You see his wounds! — and but that I
 By lucky chance was passing by,

Had slain him on the place.
 I ask if 'tis to be endured
 That this vile thief, to blood inured,
 To mischief and disgrace;
 Shall daily break the peace and laws,
 Kill honest folks without a cause,

And yet no vengeance fall? —
 If so, you must expect to hear
 Complaints arise from far and near,

Murmurs from one and all:
 His Majesty will bear the blame,
 His children's children feel the shame,
 And folks cry fie upon his name."

VI.

Exclaim'd the Wolf: "I swear in sooth,
 The tale has all the air of truth,
 And is, I solemnly aver,
 Only too much in character

With all his former life!
 Ah, were he dead, I needs must say,
 'Twould be indeed a happy day,
 For us who hate all strife;
 But should he 'scape the vengeance due
 To his past crimes, I fear that new,
 Will still mark his career;
 And higher heads may feel his power,
 That fancy at the present hour,
 They 've little cause to fear."

VII.

While thus the plaintiffs clamour'd loud,
 The Badger rose amidst the crowd,
 And boldly took the foremost place
 To advocate his uncle's case. —
 "An ancient proverb says," quoth he,
 "That: 'Justice in an enemy,

Is seldom to be found:'
 And well its truth doth now appear;
 Yet well I know were Reynard here,
 He would have little cause to fear,

From all who stand around.
 While thrice told stories you renew,
 The damage he received from you,
 You wisely leave from out the tale,
 Though his defence 't might well avail. —

For instance: thou Sir Isgrim,
 But lately made a bond with him,
 In which thou promised day by day,
 To hunt with him, and share the prey;
 And while thou brokest thy plighted faith,
 My uncle nearly met his death.

Now truly how the chance befel,
 This grave assembly I will tell: —
 It happ'd as near a road they lay,
 A carter chanced to pass that way,
 Charged with a load of dainty fish —
 To taste which, both had well the wish;

But not the cash to pay.

A bright thought enter'd Reynard's head,
He quickly laid him down as dead,

Upon the broad highway:
Straightway the carter drew a knife,
Resolved to take my uncle's life;
But as he moved nor limb nor head,
He held him for already dead;
And threw the body in the cart,
Thinking to take it to the mart,

And there to sell the hide.
All this was well to Reynard's mind,
Who to the Wolf, that lurk'd behind,
Threw down the choicest he could find;

And would no longer ride: —
But leaping nimbly from the cart,
And hastening to receive his part,
Soon found that greedy Isgrim,
Had left but fins and scales for him;
While he himself to burst was nigh,
And of a surfeit like to die." —

VIII.

"Another tale — upon my word,
I'll state the fact as it occur'd: —
It chanced a boor had slain a swine,
Of which Reynard, whose nose is fine,
Was soon aware, and hoped to dine. —
He sought the Wolf as comrade good,
To share the adventure and the food;
And creeping through a window high,
Threw down the swine — the Wolf hard by,

Soon carried off the prize. —
But when poor Reynard seeks to fly,
He finds the sturdy watch-dogs nigh,
Which with loud howl and furious cry,
Pursue him as he flies:
In vain his utmost speed he plied; —
With bleeding flanks and tatter'd hide,
And many a wound on back and side,
At length he got away:

And but by chance an earth was near,
To which he crept with toil and fear,
He well had died that day." —

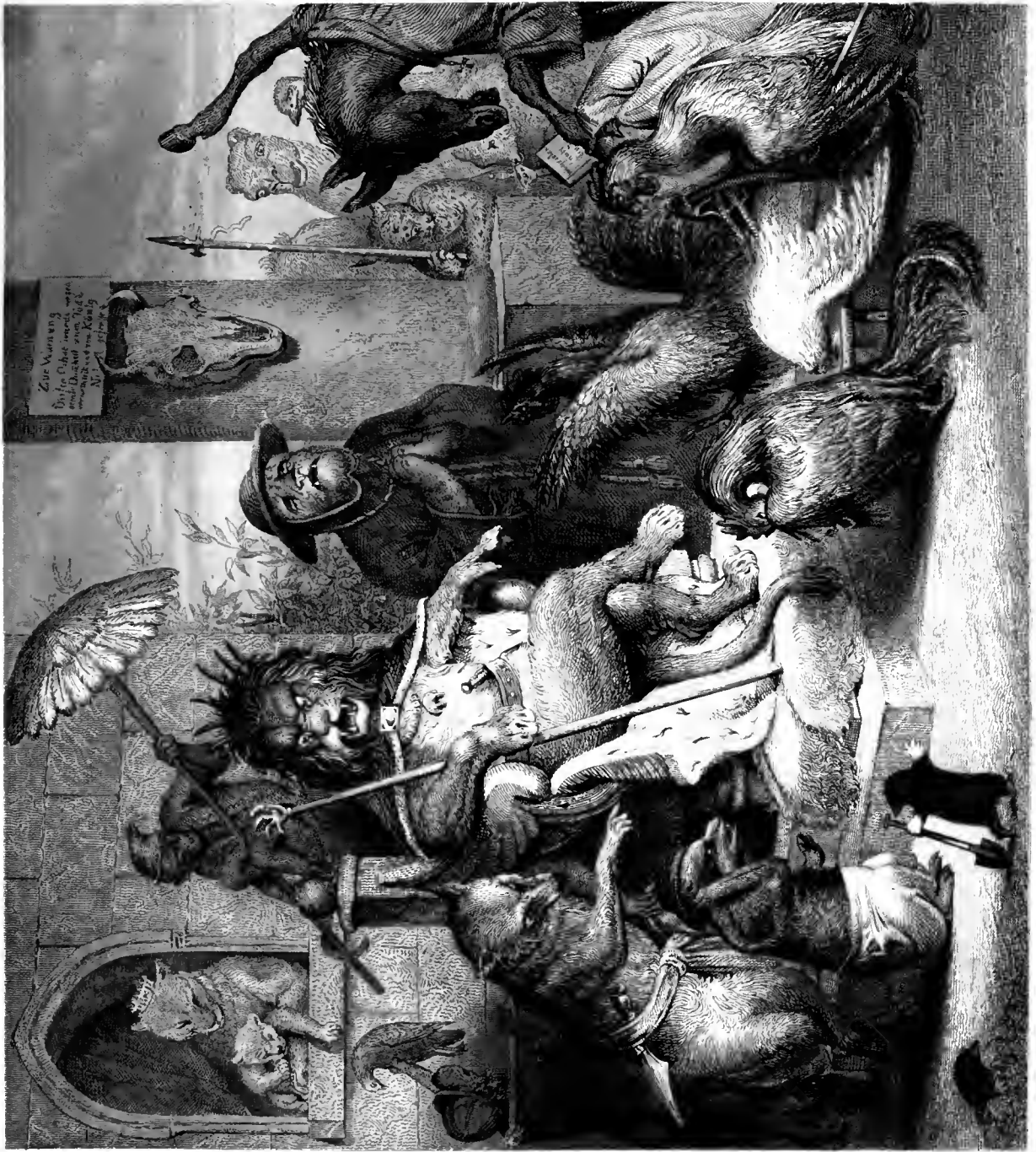
IX.

"In haste he sought his comrade's place,
Loudly bemoan'd his piteous case,
And asked him for his share:
Replied the Wolf: 'Good friend of mine,
The choicest part of all the swine,
The fattest, tenderest, piece is thine!'

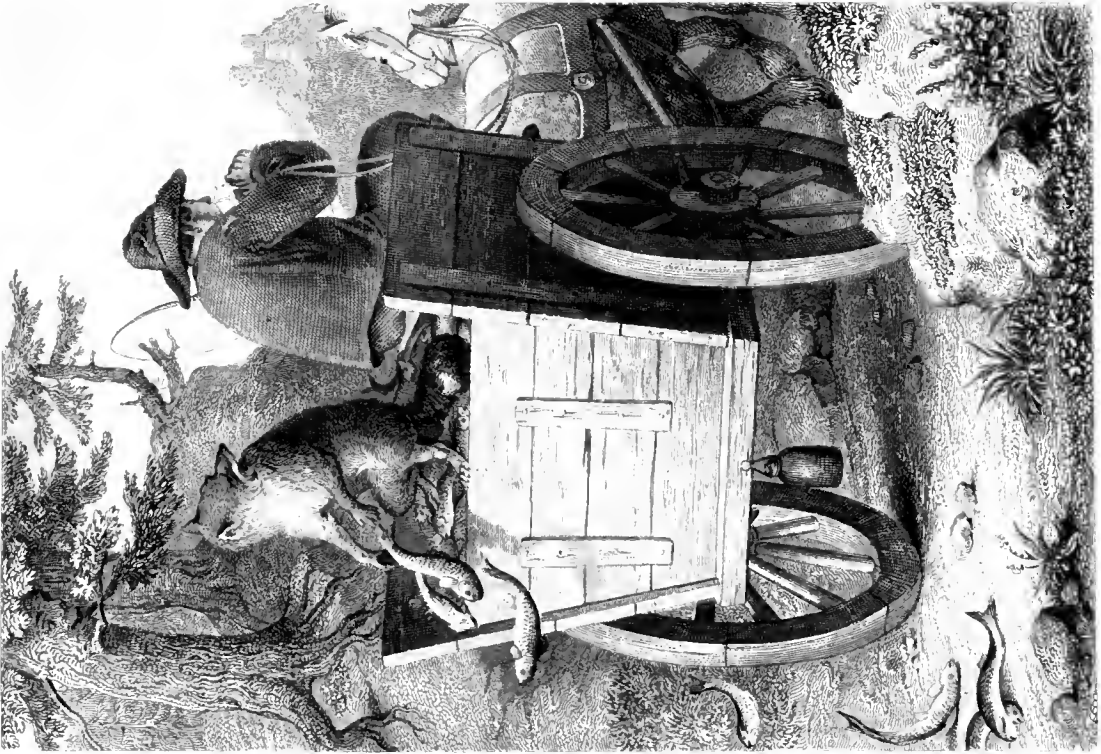
But how did this appear?
Was e'er such treachery said or sung!
The stake, on which the swine had hung,
Was all his portion of the spoil,
Gain'd by his peril, pain, and toil.
Speechless with rage and hunger too,
Reynard in silence soon withdrew;
Nor need we doubt that in the end,
He paid in kind his faithless friend." —

X.

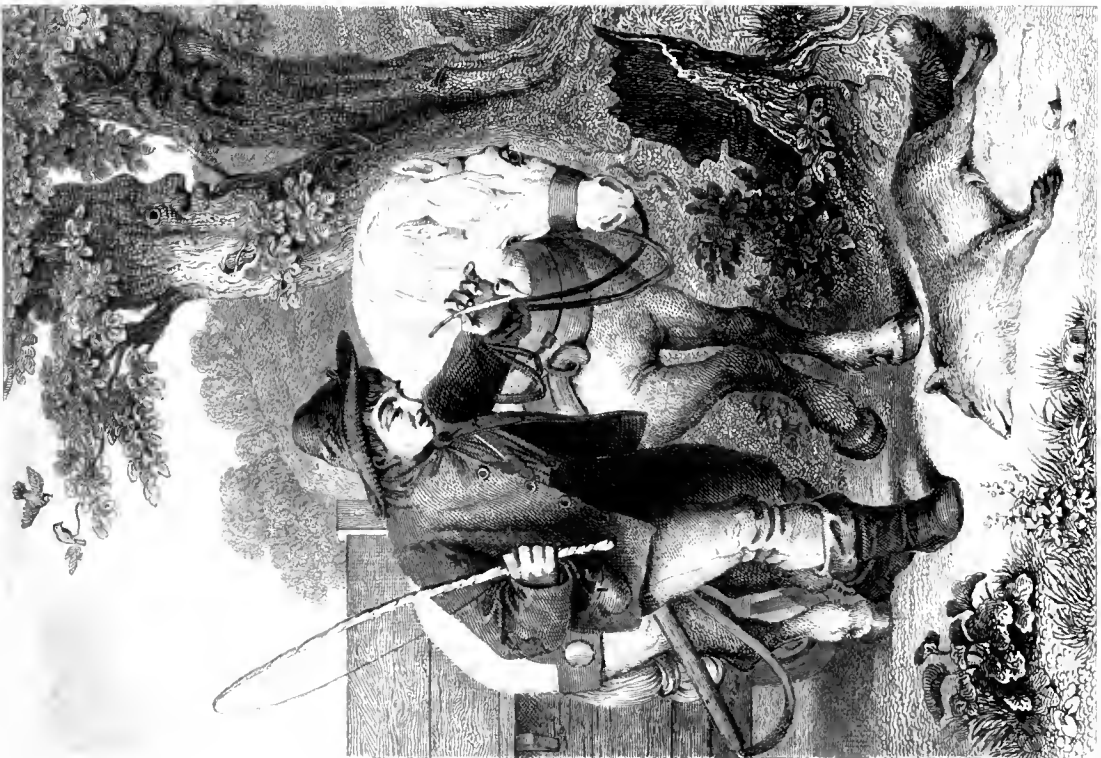
"A hundred deeds of the same sort,
If time allow'd, I could report,
Which, if you summon Reynard here,
No doubt will all at length appear.
As for the rest — you all have heard
The charge both monstrous and absurd,
In which, the Wolf to his own shame,
Attacks the honour of his dame.
Seven years ago, it seems by chance,
My uncle met her at a dance,
And as a gallant cavalier,
Whisper'd soft nothings in her ear; —
The Wolf had on a journey gone,
And left his pretty spouse alone;
So Reynard kept her company,
But only in a harmless way —
Enough! — were Isgrim but wise,
He'd scorn to tell such shameless lies,



Wappenstein - Die Tiere in der Stadt



How the great fish was caught



How the great fish was caught

And prize the honour of his wife,
 At least as dearly as his life. —
 Then, *Lampc* too has brought a tale,
 And not it seems without avail: —
 Mere empty twattle, idle lies!
 What! shall a teacher not chastise
 His lazy scholar's want of care? —
 That were indeed a maxim rare!
 Nor could a master e'er in sooth,
 Command respect from froward youth. —
 Then comes another idle story,
 Which *Wackerlos* has brought before ye;
 'Tis scarce worth notice — for in brief,
 'Tis plain the Dog himself 's a thief,
 And that *Reynard* was in the right,
 When he brought stolen goods to light. —
 He would have hung the knave, in faith;
 But that the power o'er life and death,

Rests with the King alone:
 For justice is his sole delight,
 And he but waved his feudal right,
 From reverence to the throne.
 For since the King a peace proclaim'd,
Reynard is thoroughly reclaim'd,
 Molests no traveller on his way;
 But fasts and prays the livelong day,
 Has left his ancient hold to dwell,
 Like hermit lone, within a cell;
 Wears next his skin a shirt of hair,
 And eats no flesh from year to year.
 All this I learn'd but yesterday,
 From one who lately past that way: —
 Absorb'd in penance, like a saint,
 He hears or heeds not, each complaint,
 Or he would doubtless come to court,
 And silence every false report."

XI.

The Badger's speech was scarcely done,
 When there appear'd before the throne,

Advancing at a funeral pace,
Henning the Cock, with all his race.
 High in the midst, on sable bier,
 The relics of a Hen appear,

A Hen without a head!
 A dame was she of noble blood,
 Whom *Reynard* in a savage mood,
 Had number'd with the dead.
 Foremost of all the mournful train,
 March'd the two brothers of the slain;
Reynant and *Antart*, known to fame,
 As chieftains of an ancient name,
 Whose valiant deeds and honest worth,
 Were famed in France and Holland both;
 Each bore a lighted torch along,
 And chanted loud the funeral song;
 While others bore the bier on high,
 And mourn'd the dead, with many a sigh.
 With heavy hearts, and sore amaze,
 The court on the procession gaze;
 While *Henning*, in a piteous tone,
 Lays his complaint before the throne.

XII.

"Great King," he cries, "in mercy hear!"
 See upon yonder blood-stain'd bier,
 A proof of *Reynard's* cruel spite,
 And wanton enmity to right. —
 When gloomy winter's frosts were gone,
 And brightly shone the vernal sun;
 When mantled o'er with cheerful green,
 The woods, and groves, and meads were seen;
 My heart was filled with bliss profound,
 To see mine offspring stand around. —
 My faithful spouse the fruitful Hen,
 Had brought me sons, in number ten,
 And lovely daughters too, twice seven,
 A single summer's space had given:
 Fed by rich monks from garner good,
 All had their daily share of food,

While sturdy mastiffs, stout and tall,
Guarded the sheldering convent wall. —
This Reynard saw with envious eyes,
And long'd my children to surprize;
By night, the wall he lurk'd around,
But when the dogs the intruder found,
They chased him from the place:
Nay, once they caught him at the door,
And trounced him well, his hide they tore,
And made him fly apace." —

XIII.

"Now for a time in peace we dwelt,
But soon his bitter rancour felt:
One morn he came, as hermit drest,
And brought thy royal manifest;
There, 'neath thy hand and seal I found,
A peace proclaim'd to all around. —
And then with canting voice, the liar,
Assured me he'd become a friar,
And brought a letter from his prior:
Show'd me his hood, and shirt of hair,
His rosary, and scapulaire;
Took leave of me with pious grace,
That he might hasten to his place,
To read the nona and the sept,*
And vesper too, before he slept:
And as he slowly took his way,
Read in his pocket breviary. —
We now believed all danger o'er,
And ventured from the convent door;
But ah! that was a luckless day,
Reynard had mark'd us for his prey.
Oh! think what terror fills our hearts,
As sudden from a bush he starts,
And deaf to all our pleadings wild,

* In monasteries, prayers were formerly said every hour during the day, beginning with the *Prima* at six in the morning. The *Sept* (*Septima*) and *Nona*, were the seventh and ninth prayers, which were repeated at one and three o'clock, in the afternoon.

He carries off my eldest child. —
And now he once has tasted blood,
His fury's not to be withstood;
By day and night he's on our track,
Nor hound nor huntsman keeps him back;
Of lovely children, twenty-four,
But five remain alive — no more!
But yesterday, my daughter here,
Who now lies lifeless on her bier,
The cruel Fox deprived of breath,
Nor could the dogs avert her death;
Her lifeless form alone they save,
Which, ere I carry to the grave,
I lay with many a bitter groan
And tear, before thy royal throne. —
Pity O King, a father's smart,
And take his sad complaint to heart!"

XIV.

Then spoke the King: "Sir Grimbart see,
This story doth but ill agree
With thine, of penance, fast, and prayer! —
Should it prove true, I deeply swear,
He rues the deed within the year."
Then thus to Henning: "Friend," he said,
"Words can but little aid the dead;
Yet shall our court her vigils sing,
And her chief mourner be her King. —
Her funeral o'er, we'll council take,
How best our vengeance we may wreak."
Then, straightway at the King's command,
Both young and old, a mournful band,
Around the body take their stand;
And sing, in cadence long and slow,
The dirge, *Domino placebo*.
I'd tell, were not the tale too long,
What part each took i'th' holy song,
Who sung response or antiphon' —
Enough! — the Hen in earth was laid,
Each prayer and blessing duly said;



Reynard als Henning. - Reinke als Henning.

And on her grave a marble stone,
That bright as polish'd amber shone,
Preserved in letters carved fair,
The record of her virtues rare,
That everyone her fate might scan;
And thus the quaint inscription ran: —

XV.

"Here lies within the lap of earth,
A dame of high and noble birth;
~~Arabsuf~~ her name, of Hens the best,
Who eggs unnumber'd laid in nest,
A fruitful mother she!
But who alas, and woe the while!
Perish'd by ~~Reynard's~~ wicked guile,
And shameful crueltie:
Her guiltless death, his malice fell,
This stone to latest times shall tell."

XVI.

And now the Monarch calls each peer,
And bids them draw in order near,
And council fit for royal ear,
On ~~Reynard's~~ case afford.

They, after long debate, propose
To send an envoy to his house;
Bearing the high and stern command,
On pain of loss of life and land,
To fail not to appear at court,
When next the nobles there resort.
With high acclaim, ~~Bruno~~ the Bear,
They chose as royal messenger;

To whom the King did say:
"~~Bruno~~, on thine allegiance fair,
Before the court assembled here,
I charge thee, thou thine office do,
With wisdom, and with foresight too: —
Beware of ~~Reynard's~~ cunning wiles,
His flattering words, and fawning smiles: —

God keep thee as he may!" —
With confidence replied the Bear:
"My Liege, be void of fear and care;
For solemnly by heaven I swear,
That should the sorry caitiff dare,
To treat me but with scorn;
So well that treatment I'll repay,
That he will surely rue the day.
That ever he was born."

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The hardy Bear now took his way,
To where ~~Reynard's~~ possessions lay;
First past a wide and dreary plain,
A sandy and a waste domain,
And came unto a hilly space,
Where ~~Reynard~~ used to ply the chase.
His hopes to find him there were vain,
So he resumed his way again,
And journeying on with dauntless heart,

Soon reach'd the fortress Malepart;
An ancient castle famed afar,
As ~~Reynard's~~ last retreat in war;
For he had many a house and tower,
As well besem'd a chief of power.

II.

Sir ~~Bruno~~ to the portal hied,
Expecting 'twould be open'd wide,
As soon as he appear'd;

But all in vain his sturdy stroke
 Resounded on the ponderous oak,
 No other sound was heard.
 With anger now his blows he plied:
 "What ho, Reynard! he loudly cried,
 Is nobody within?
 That here before thy castle walls,
 A royal envoy vainly calls;
 'Tis in itself a sin,
 Against thy Sovereign's dignity:
 Come forth I say! and know that I
 Am by the Monarch sent,
 To bring thee straightway to his court,
 To answer many an ill report. —
 Shouldst thou refuse, it costs thy life,
 So come without delay or strife,
 Or surely thou'lt repent!
 With the King's self thou'st now to deal,
 Who threats with gibbet, fire, and steel,
 All traitors to the commonweal!"

III.

Reynard had well the summons heard,
 But silence kept, nor moved nor stirr'd,
 Revolving in his mind;
 How he should answer this rude speech,
 And Bruno better manners teach,
 Or pay him off in kind.
 Within his tower he deeper crept,
 Where many a cavern's winding cleft,
 Afforded him a refuge good,
 When banded foes against him stood. —
 He fear'd from Bruno's haughty tone,
 The messenger was not alone,
 And dreaded that an ambuscade
 Without the castle might be laid;
 But soon as he had seen and heard,
 That no such plot was to be fear'd.
 He ventured slyly from his lair,

And thus address'd the listening Bear:
 "Welcome my friend and uncle dear,
 Thou honest, brave, and worthy peer,
 Welcome at every hour!
 Excuse me that I made thee wait,
 A moment at the outer gate,
 Of this my lonely tower: —
 The vespers even then I read,
 Ere I betook me to my bed —
 But heavens! I see thou dropp'st with sweat,
 Thy very hair with toil is wet! —
 Impute it not to me I pray,
 That thou wast sent this weary way;
 Yet I am pleased, thy good report,
 Will doubtless aid me much at court,
 Where as I hear, base calumny
 And spite, have been at work with me.
 Pity, I can't this moment fly
 Thither in thy good company;
 Alas! I've eaten of some food,
 Which always fails to do me good;
 But morrow's morn, I make no doubt,
 I shall be able to set out."
 Rejoin'd the Bear, with courtesy,
 "What hast thou eaten then, I pray?"
 The Fox replied (to gain his end),
 "That 's little to the purpose friend!
 But I, as well thou know'st, am poor,
 And scant and meagre is my store;
 To-day I'd naught within my home,
 Except a piece of honeycomb;
 And press'd by hunger I did eat,
 Although I loath such kind of meat."

IV.

With wonder then began the Bear,
 "Eh! what 's this story that I hear?
 Honey! why 'tis the best of food,
 Nought in the world is half so good!



Brown as Messenger. . Brown als Bote.

'Tis light, digestible, and sweet,
 Would I had now so great a treat!"
 — "If thus thou think'st," the Fox replied,
 "Thy wants may quickly be supplied —
 Thou dost but jest?" — "Nay," quoth the Bear,
 "Bring me but some — in sooth I swear,
 I will repay the kindly deed,
 With right good service in thy need."
 — "Well," said Reynard, "scarce half a mile

From here, upon the moor,
 There dwells a man call'd Rüstseil,
 A fat and wealthy boor:
 He hath good store, and there in sooth,
 Thou well may'st whet thy liquorish tooth.
 Tis true, to-day my pace is slow;
 But still with thee I'll gladly go,

And show the nearest way;
 My love to thee, my steps shall cheer,
 For, by my fay! no other peer,
 Of all the court, is half so dear; —

No flattering words I say! —
 If honey can afford delight,
 A hearty feast thou'lt have to-night,
 Nay, more than thou canst bear!" —
 But here the knave sarcastic spoke,
 Of stalwart peasants' sturdy stroke,

In truth, a banquet rare!
 Reynard led on, and slyly thought,
 "The fool is now as good as caught,
 I'll bring him to a market where
 Bitter's the honey he shall share."
 When they had travell'd for a while,
 They near'd the house of Rüstseil;
 And Bruno now, in thought at least,
 Enjoy'd the anticipated feast,
 Nor thought what a malignant fate,
 His luckless footsteps might await. —
 Thus foolish men with hopes o'erwrought,
 Have oft their own destruction sought.

V.

Fair evening's soften'd shades descended,
 As at length their journey ended;
 And Rüstseil, his weary head,
 Had laid already on his bed;
 As carpenter, was he renown'd
 For many a mile, the country round. —
 Before his door an oak there lay,
 Which he on the preceding day,
 Had partly split, with blows profound, —
 The wedge still stuck within the wound;
 And in the tree a mighty cleft,
 Almost an ell in width was reft.
 This Reynard mark'd: "My friend," quoth he,
 "The honey's in this hollow tree!
 Put but thy head within the chink,
 Thou'lt find — far more than thou dost think;
 But prithee, first my council take,
 Eat not too much, for thine own sake."
 — "Pshaw!" cried the Bear, "'Tis quite absurd,
 I am no glutton, on my word,
 For temperance is always good," —
 So plunged his head within the wood,
 And better to obtain the meat,
 Inserted both his foremost feet.
 To work at once sly Reynard goes,
 And soon with sundry heaves and throws,
 The wedge from out the cleft he draws,
 And Bruno's caught by head and paws.

VI.

Loudly he howl'd, and kick'd amain
 With both his hinder feet — in vain,
 The closing wood still held the strain.
 Such noise he made at every stroke,
 That Rüstseil at length awoke: —

"What mean these sounds?" he cries,
 Leaps from his bed, and takes his stand,
 His trusty hatchet in his hand,
 To guard against surprize.

Reynard meanwhile in many a jest,
His cruel glee and joy express'd,
Nor fail'd poor Bruno to deride:
"Well, my good friend!" he sneering cried,
Prithee how tastes thine evening meal?
Fall to, don't spare it, eat thy fill! —

Shouldst thou thy stomach cram —
See, Rüfsteil thine host appears,
And something in his hand he bears,
No doubt it is a dram!"

So saying, Reynard took his way,
To seek his usual evening prey.

VII.

Now, after listening for a while,
Forth issues Master Rüfsteil;
And when he sees his struggling prize,
Forth to the village inn he hies,
And cries to all assembled there:
"A Bear is caught! A Bear! A Bear!" —
Straight hurried forth a sturdy band,
Arm'd with whatever comes to hand;
This takes a flail, and that a rake,
One grasps a club, the next a stake: —
In short — each takes what he can find,
Nor do the women stay behind.
The Parson, and the Sexton too,
Appear in arms, with much ado;
The Parson's cook, Dame Jütte hight,
Arm'd with her distaff seeks the fight;
And all rush forth, what'er betide,
To curry hapless Bruno's hide.

VIII.

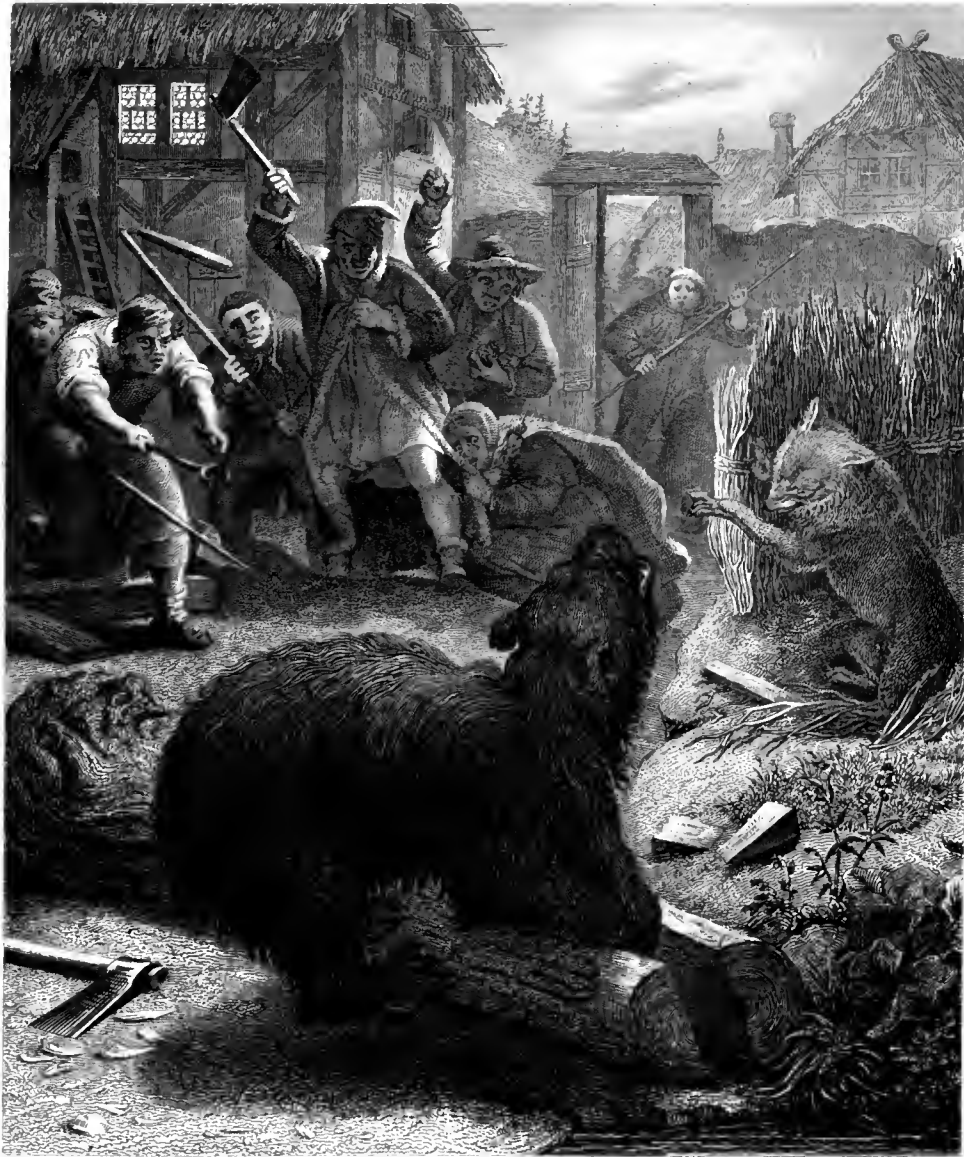
The captive heard the gathering rout,
And strain'd each sinew to get out,
With desperate force his head he reft
From out the closely griping cleft;

But left the skin behind:
And never sure a luckless wight,

Was seen in such a wretched plight,
As Bruno now they find.
The blood flow'd o'er his eyes and ears,
Yet urged by a host of fears,
From out the chink he wrench'd his paws;
But left behind both skin and claws.
Bitter the honey he received,
By Reynard's wicked wile deceived! —
And evil was the hour:
On which he at the King's command,
His journey took to Reynard's land,
And sought him in his tower.

IX.

And now, while he could scarcely stand,
The eager boors were close at hand: —
Axes were swung by men of pith,
With tongs and hammer came the smith,
And each according to his trade,
Bore pitch-fork, hatchet, club or spade.
A staff of power the Priest did wield,
By Bruno long in memory held,
And blows from cudgel, club, and flail,
Descended on his hide like hail.
Bow-legged Schlopp' dealt sturdy blows,
And Rudolf with the flatten'd nose, —
With zeal about the business goes;
Gerold, of crooked fingers proud,
Was first and foremost in the crowd,
While Ruckeltri, his house-friend good,
Arm'd with a spit, behind him stood.
Dame Jütte too, and Abel Quack,
Laid heavy blows on Bruno's back,
And Forden Quack, as weapons fail,
Brandish'd on high a milking pail.
She, and the other womankind,
In active zeal were not behind;
While those who shunn'd the closer war,
Threw stones and missiles from afar.



H. Leutemann sculp.

A. J. Meyer

Braun in the Trap Braun in der Falle

X.

O'erthrown amidst the onslaught dire,
 Poor Bruno roll'd in blood and mire; —
 Rüstefcil's brother leap'd before,
 A huge and knotted club he bore,
 And struck so hard on Bruno's head,
 That sense of sight and hearing fled;

Yet madden'd by the blow:
 He sprang aloft, and dash'd amain,
 Among the shrieking female train,
 And work'd their overthrow.
 For struck with wild and panic fear,
 To see their furry foe so near,
 They roll'd, with many a frightful scream,
 Head over heels, into a stream;
 The banks of which were high and steep,
 Its current rapid, broad, and deep. —
 With anxious voice, and frighten'd look,
 The Parson roars: "Behold my cook,
 Dame Jüttle's drowning in the brook!
 Two butts of beer that man shall win,
 And pardon too, for every sin,
 Whose steady foot, and ready hand,
 Shall bring my handmaid safe to land!"
 With that, the boors forsook the Bear,
 And hasten'd to the current, where
 With many an oath, and much ado,
 The well drench'd dames, to land they drew.

XI.

Bruno meantime, a moment left,
 Although of sense wellnigh bereft,
 Thought: "Better perish in the tide,
 Than longer foemens' buffets bide!"

So plunged into the stream:
 An easier death it seem'd to him,
 For he had never learn'd to swim,
 And little did he deem;
 That carried onward by the flood,
 A safe retreat he might make good; —

Yet so it was — while from the shore,
 Was heard the rabble's angry roar;
 "See, see!" with fury they exclaim,
 "The Bear escapes!" — and rate each dame,
 By whose mischance they lost their game.
 They now survey the wooden post,
 And find the skin that Bruno lost,
 And cry in scorn and rage:
 "Return, thou robber of the fold! —
 Thy gauntlets here in pledge we hold,
 Come and redeem thy gage!"

XII.

Thus, Bruno got both pain and scorn,
 As he, a weary wight forlorn,
 Floated adown the stream:
 Which bore him quickly from the place,
 Of his disaster and disgrace,
 And hope began to beam.
 He curses as he floats along
 The knave by whom he'd suffer'd wrong,
 The tree by which he'd bled:
 Onward he's borne, till on the strand,
 He finds a place where he can land,
 And rest his weary head.
 Arrived on shore, with many a moan,
 With many a sigh and piteous groan,
 He mourns his hapless fate:
 Nor thinks to see the morrow's sun,
 But deems his earthly race is run,
 So mournful is his state.
 He cries: "O Reynard, traitor vile!"
 And thinks with bitter rage the while,
 On every painful blow and wound,
 He in his quest for honey found.

XIII.

Reynard meanwhile, as soon as he
 Saw Bruno caught within the tree;

Ran to a neighbouring farmer's pen,
 And stolè from thence a well-fed hen;
 Then took her to the river's brink,
 Where he'd at once both meat and drink.
 Here he enjoy'd his prey at ease,
 Nor fail'd his fantasy to please,
 With thoughts of Bruno's cruel lot, —
 And cried: "The sordid churlish sot
 Is rightly served, — ere this I trow,
 The boors have given him his death blow;
 He had me still at high despite,
 Which I have well repaid this night.
 While Reynard thus soliloquized,
 Upon the farther bank he spied,
 Bruno, who roll'd and writhed in pain:
 "Gad'zooks, the villain's there again!"
 Growl'd he: — "That numbscull Rüfsteit,
 Hath let his prey from out the toil,

Was e'er such folly seen!
 Bears-meat it seems, don't please the boor,
 Though brought unto his very door;
 And every one of his compeers,
 Would almost give his nose and ears,
 For such a treat, I ween! —
 But yet methinks my friend the Bear,
 For his good entertainment there,
 Hath left a pledge behind."

Then thus aloud: "Well my good friend! —
 How did thy bold adventure end? —
 Say, didst thou steal the peasant's store,
 Or hast thou fairly paid thy score? —

Thou'rt painted too I find! —
 Is that the latest mode, I pray? —
 Where are thy gloves? — but prithee say,
 Was not the honey really nice? —
 Would'st thou like more? — for in a trice,
 I'll find thee some — at the same price.
 No answer! Thou art proud, I swear,
 Perhaps of thy red bonnet there,
 And truly it becomes thee well. —

What means it, eh? — I prythee tell —
 Hast thou been made a cardinal?"

XIV.

As thus the Fox derides his woe,
 Poor Bruno could nor stand nor go,
 Nor could he speak for rage and pain;
 So to the water crept again:
 Him soon the pitying current bears,
 Where Reynard's gibes no more he hears;
 And here again he crawls to shore,
 Lamenting louder than before:
 "Ah, were I dead!" with grief he cries,
 "Deceived by Reynard's crafty lies,
 I now must wander back to court,
 My shame and sorrow to report: —
 Yet if I live, the knave shall rue,
 The misery he has brought me to!"
 The hope of vengeance gives him strength,
 So he resumes his march at length,

With feeble steps and slow:
 Three lengthen'd days, with aches and pains,
 He drags himself across the plains,
 Cursing his treacherous foe;
 Till on the fourth, a longer stage,
 Concludes his weary pilgrimage.

XV.

As Bruno to the presence came,
 Exclaim'd the King: "In Heaven's name, —
 Is that the Bear I see?

What can have been the cruel fate,
 That brought him to this hapless state
 Of shame and misery?"

"Great King and Lord!" the Bear replies,
 "Well mayst thou see with thine own eyes;
 The shameful treatment I have borne,
 From Reynard's malice, hate, and scorn!" —

Dark fell the Monarch's frown: —
 "Tenfold will I repay the deed,

A rope shall be the traitor's meed,
 I swear it by my crown!"
 Forthwith he bids his heralds call,
 His trusty peers to council all,
 That they might give their sage advice
 And judgment, on a point so nice,
 As Reynard's punishment:
 But after many a pro and con,
 At length they all decided on
 A course, the Monarch own'd was best; —
 Again to bear his high behest,
 An envoy should be sent.
 And for the dangerous enterprize,
 They chose the Cat, as old and wise.

XVI.

His council's aid the King confess'd,
 And thus the messenger address'd,
 "Take care thou lett'st Sir Reynard hear,
 Our royal will, both plain and clear; —
 Should we another summons send,
 He'll suffer for it in the end;

And if he dare to brave our power,
 He'll rue it to his latest hour: —
 Though others words he may despise,
 He'll listen to thy good advice."
 Ginzé replied: "I would prefer,
 Thou'dst choose some other messenger;
 For if he come, or if he stay,
 To me tis equal, either way:
 Besides, I'm neither strong nor large,
 And if to do thy royal charge,
 Great Bruno's size and strength could fail,
 How shall a lesser wight prevail?"
 Rejoin'd the King: "Thy speech is nought!
 In many a giant's vainly sought,
 The shrewdness, wisdom, and address,
 Possess'd by others who are less."
 "Well," quoth the Cat: "Thy will be done!
 Within an hour I will begone,
 And should I, ere descends the night,
 Observe a sign upon my right;
 Fortune no doubt my steps will bless,
 And crown my mission with success.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

As Ginzé now pursued the road,
 That led to Reynard's chief abode;
 Soaring above him in the sky,
 Saint Martin's bird was seen to fly:
 "O messenger of fate," he cried,
 "Approach, and perch on my right side!"
 But vain his prayer, long to and fro,
 In fitful flight the bird did go;
 Till tired at length, it took its stand,
 Upon a tree, on his left hand.
 With gloomy look, the omen ill,

Sir Ginzé saw, yet mann'd him still;
 And journey'd, though in fearful mood,
 To where sly Reynard's castle stood.
 As he approach'd, the Fox appear'd,
 And Ginzé's courteous greeting heard;
 Who said: "It grieves me sore to bring,
 An angry message from the King;
 But I am charged to bid thee fair,
 Thou straightway shalt to court repair,
 Forthwith to take thy trial there;
 And further, by my fay!"
 Shouldst thou refuse, the King hath sworn,

Thy disobedience thou shalt mourn,
And rue the present day."

II.

Then Reynard spoke: "My nephew dear!
It joys my heart to see thee here,

Welcome to Malepart!"

But in his inmost heart he thought,
How Gint's ruin might be wrought;
And tax'd his brains to find a way,
His Monarch's envoy to betray,

Such was his wicked art.

With courteous air, continued he:

"I pray this night my guest thou'lt be,
And early, if the morn be fair,
Together we'll to court repair;
For thee, 'bove all my friends I prize,
As modest, bold, discreet, and wise;
Unlike the sordid, greedy Bear,
Who came with haughty threatenings here,
And show'd himself so fierce and grim,
I fear'd to go along with him."

— "Methinks 'twere best," the Cat replied,
"We journey'd forth at eventide;
Fair shines the moon upon the moor,
The roads are dry and quite secure."

— "Not so," rejoind'd the Fox, "attend —
Tis said, 'the night is no man's friend,'
And some who'd greet us fair by day,
Might in the dark, our path waylay."

— "Well!" said the Cat, "but if I stay,
What hast thou got for supper pray?"

— "Food shall not fail," quoth Reynard, "here
I've honeycomb that's fine and clear."

— "That," Gint cries, "I cannot eat;
But if thou hast no other meat,
Couldst thou not help me to a mouse?
Perchance there are some in the house?"

— "Why no! — But if thou wishest mice,
I'll find thee plenty in a trice —

Not far from here a Parson dwells,
Whose barn for such small game excels
All other places far or near." —

"Does it?" quoth Gint, "bring me there!

For mice, according to my taste,
Are of all kinds of game the best."

— "Well!" cried Reynard, "the labour's light,
A costly meal thou'lt have to-night."

III.

The Fox led on, and Gint hied,
With joyful heart at Reynard's side;
And soon they stood beside the wall
Of a large barn, both broad and tall,
Which sly Reynard had made a hole in,
The night before, and deftly stolen

A hen, the fattest of her race;
And now he show'd the Cat the place.

But Martinet, the Parson's heir,
A cunning noose had fasten'd there,
Of which Reynard was well aware. —

"Now," quoth the Fox, "my nephew dear!
Thou'st nought to do, but creep in here:
Fat mice in store thou'lt find within,
Hark how they squeak! — dost hear the din! —
Meanwhile, I will keep watch without,
That no one comes, and finds thee out."

— Says Gint: "Thinkest thou 'tis wise —
Is there no danger of surprize? —

Malicious priests are not so rare,
But that there may be cause for fear."

— "Art thou so timid?" Reynard cries,
"Truly, I scarce believe my eyes!" —

Well, if thou really fear'st to mouse,
Let us return unto my spouse;
Who'll doubtless find thee something nice,
Though certainly 'twill not be mice."

Stung by this sarcasm to the soul,
Gint went straight into the hole;
But scarcely had he enter'd there,
When he was caught within the snare.



Hintze als Messenger. Hintze als Bote.

And there at length his sorrows spoke,
 Lamenting loud his blinded eye
 And wounds, before his Majesty.
 The King was wrath as wrath could be,
 Again his council summon'd he;
 And ask'd what punishment should fall,
 On **Reynard** base, the foe of all.
 But now the Badger **Grimbart** rose
 And said: "The Fox hath many foes; —
 But still, as long as he's a peer,
 His rights must be held sacred here;
 And a third summons must be sent,
 Ere he be doom'd to punishment."
 Replied the Monarch: "Prithee friend,
 Which of my nobles shall I send?
 Already, two of mighty name,
 Have been sent back in woe and shame;
 And who will risk his limbs and eyes
 In such a desperate enterprize?"

Grimbart rejoin'd: "Great Monarch see,
 This venturous messenger in me!
 Honour me with thy mandate high,
 And I'll fulfil thy wish, or die:" —

"Go then!" exclaim'd the King;
 "And well I hope a better fate,
 Upon thine enterprize will wait,
 And better news thou'lt bring."

VII.

Grimbart the Badger, hied him straight,
 Unto his uncle's castle gate;
 And found sly **Reynard** and his spouse,
 Reclined at ease before the house; —
 Where, soon as reverence due he'd made,
 He thus the royal message said:
 "Uncle **Reynard**, thou'rt known with right,
 Both as a wise and prudent wight,
 And wonder therefore fills my breast,
 That thus thou scorn'st the King's behest.
 His latest summons now I bring;

And trust me, 'tis a foolish thing,
 Thus to defy a Monarch's power,
 Whose rage increases every hour; —
 As thou wilt find when 'tis too late,
 If thus thou triflest with thy fate, —
 Therefore my council heed:
 With me at once to court repair,
 Thine eloquence may stead thee there;
 Thou still mayst silence each complaint,
 And free thyself from treason's taint,
 Perchance find friends at need!
 But if my summons be in vain,
 The King will come with all his train; —
 Then, what avails thy castle wall,
 Sooner or later it must fall,
 And thou, thy children, and thy wife,
 Will forfeit property and life."

VIII.

Reynard replied: "Thy council wise,
 It would be folly to despise;
 Perchance 'twere better in the end,
 The royal summons to attend. —
 The Monarch knows I've served the state,
 Hence comes my vile detractors' hate; —
 But when I stand before his face,
 I hope to gain his royal grace,
 E'en though my sins were ten times more,
 Than those set down unto my score.
 Among the council of the King,
 None can devise a subtle thing; —
 And ever in the council hall,
 I must find wisdom for them all;
 They plot my downfall day and night,
 With envy vile, and wicked spite,
 And all the mightiest, I know,
 Have sworn to work my overthrow. —
 Hence my reluctance to appear,
 While these possess the royal ear;
 Yet now I'd better brave my fate,



H. Leutemann pinxt

A. H. Payne sc

Isyrim and the Bells. Der Wolf und die Glocken

Than longer here my downfall wait: —
 Besides my wife and children dear,
 Would die of anguish or of fear,
 Should the King's forces seek me here. —
 So now, though late, I will obey,
 And haste to court this very day,
 For at the worst, I can propose
 A composition with my foes."

IX.

Then Reynard to his Ladye fine,
 Spoke thus: "My good Dame Ermeteine,
 See that thou tend'st my children twain; —
 Perchance I ne'er may come again! —
 But most I charge thee to regard
 My youngest hope, the fair Reynard,
 In whom ere long, I hope to see
 As 'twere, mine own epitome;
 And Rossel too, a pretty youth,
 Who 's not less dear to me in sooth: —
 See that thou guard'st them both with care,
 And I'll repay thy kindness fair,
 If ever I return!"
 With that, at length Sir Reynard hied,
 His nephew Grimbart at his side,
 Each haughty peer's complaint to meet,
 And at his Monarch's judgment seat,
 His future fate to learn.

X.

In silence now they took their way,
 But ere a mile behind them lay,
 Reynard cried: "Friend and nephew dear!
 I must admit I quake for fear —
 Perhaps my dying day is near;
 And as no other priest is here,
 To thee I will confess. —
 In order I'll relate each sin,
 That when I stand before the King,

Mine anguish may be less."
 Grimbart replied: "This vow first make,
 Thine evil courses to forsake;
 From blood and plunder to refrain,
 Or all confessions are in vain."
 Quoth Reynard: "That I know full well,
 So listen while my tale I tell." —

XI.

"*Confiteor tibi Pater et Mater,*
 I've sinn'd against the Cat and Otter,
 And many other wrongs have done,
 For which, by penance I'll atone."
 Quoth Grimbart: "I've forgot my Greek —
 The vulgar tongue I prithee speak,
 If I'm to understand!"
 Reynard resumed: "I have done wrong
 To every creature, weak or strong,
 That dwells within the land:
 Within a tree I trapp'd the Bear,
 Who bore full many a buffet there,
 And Hinc too, I did ensnare.
 Henning the Cock complains with right, —
 I slew his children day and night;
 Nor has the King escaped scot free,
 Nor Queen, from my cupidity. —
 As for the Wolf, to tell each wrong,
 Would make my story far too long;
 But once — six summers since have flown,
 He came unto the convent lone,
 In which I then did dwell;
 Hoping by fast and penance drear,
 A former load of sins to clear. —
 He came I say, and sought mine aid, —
 Straightway a monk he would be made;
 And begg'd mine interest might provide,
 That he, at morn and eventide,
 Might toll the convent bell. —
 To his fore feet the rope I bound,
 That he might hear his favorite sound,

And show'd him every different chime,
 For matin, vesper, and for prime. —
 But such a frightful noise he raised,
 That all the peasants round, amazed,
 Came running in from near and far,
 Deeming it sign of fire or war;
 And ere poor Isengrim could tell
 The reason why he'd raised the knell,
 With such good will their staves they plied,
 That on the spot he nearly died. —
 Soon after this, the silly knave
 A tonsure on his head would have;
 And I to meet his wishes, straight,
 Singed all the hair from off his pate;
 Until the very skin was scald,
 And ever since he hath been bald." —

XII.

"And once in Julian land, at night,
 He came through me in woeful plight.
 — There dwells a priest, than whom around,
 No richer man is to be found; —
 Within his ample well-filled store,
 A hundred hams were found, or more,
 And juicy fitches many a score.
 As round about the house we prowl,
 Isengrim finds a narrow hole,
 Through which he well could creep within,
 And fill at ease his empty skin;
 Nought hinder'd me from entering too,
 But I'd another end in view —
 I sought to bring the Wolf to shame,
 And what I hoped for, quickly came —
 He ate so much, that all in vain,
 He sought to pass the hole again: —
 When he was hungry and thin,
 The chink had freely let him in;
 But now that he was full and stout,
 'Twas far too small to let him out."

XIII.

When Isengrim was fairly caught,
 To rouse the neighbourhood I sought;
 For this, I'd formed a cunning plan —
 Into the Parson's house I ran,
 Who even then at supper sat,
 And carved at ease, a capon fat,
 Well roasted too, and brown.
 At once I seized the savoury bird —
 You should the Parson's voice have heard!
 As springing up with angry roar,
 He kick'd the well spread table o'er,
 And plates and dishes strew'd the floor; --
 His cries soon raised the town!
 'Kill, kill the thief!' he shouts aloud,
 And soon the hurrying neighbours crowd,
 At their loved pastor's voice: —
 Ere long the chase too hot I found,
 And dropt the capon on the ground,
 I had no other choice; —
 But 'too much haste is little speed',
 As soon the Parson found indeed;
 For as he hurried on, pellmell,
 Into a puddle's filth he fell,
 Yet quickly did arise:
 And running to the store-house wall,
 Where I had let the capon fall,
 Isengrim's head he spies." —

XIV.

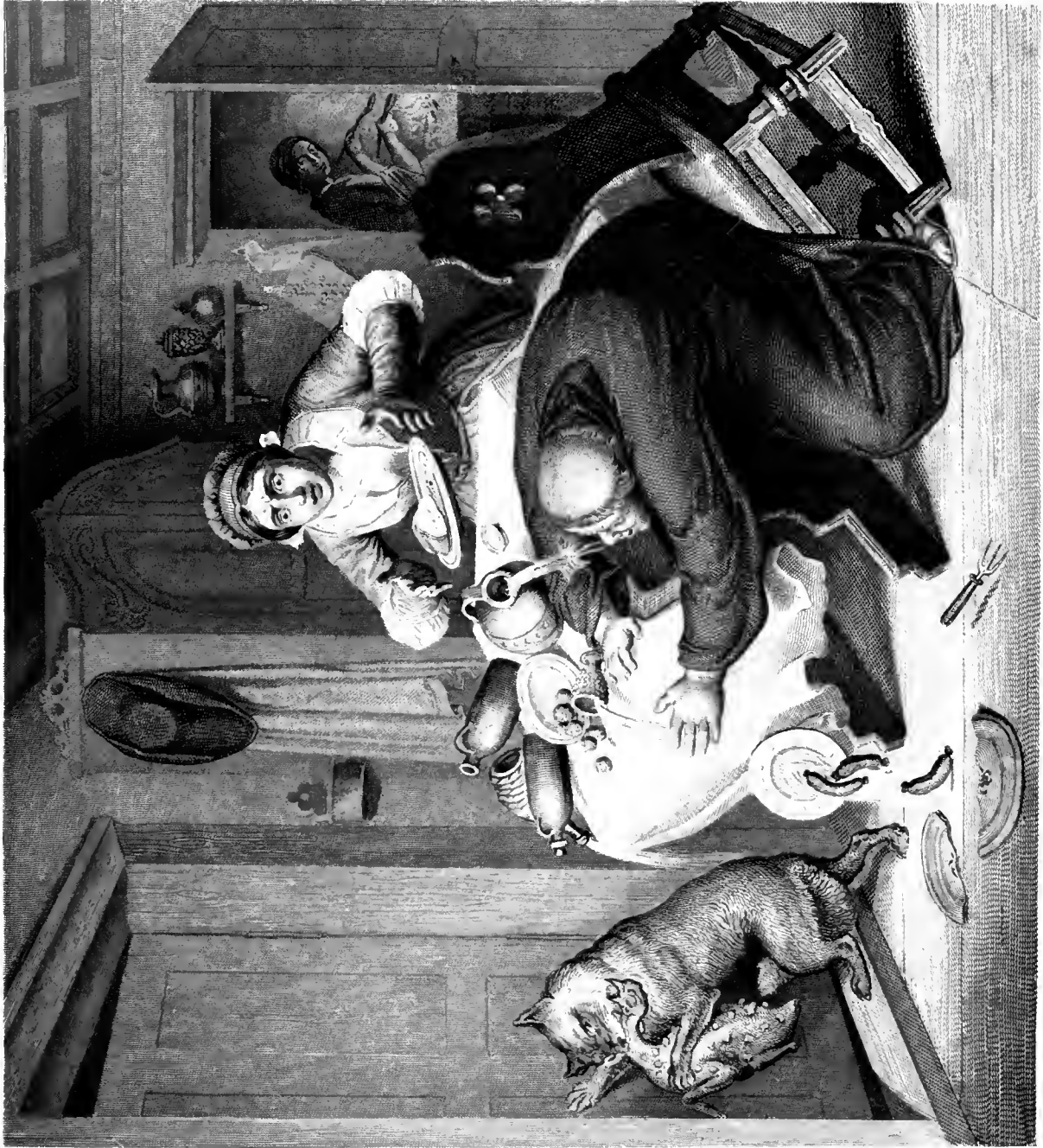
"Loudly he calls the neighbours near;
 'My friends, another thief is here,
 A Wolf too, welladay!
 Take care at least he don't get off,
 For we shall be the country's scoff,
 If both should get away!'
 What the Wolf thought, I don't well know,
 But certain 'tis, that many a blow,
 That night fell to his share:
 Soon his assailants' vengeful cry,



Thyrum : I enervare : entlockt



Thyrum : Thaupt : angefaßt



My wife and the Great Ape and the Gorilla

Drew others there, who dwelt hard by;
And all combined exert their strength
To tan his hide, until at length,

For dead they laid him there.
'Twere subject for a limner's art,
On canvass fair, to paint the part,
The Wolf on this occasion play'd;
As he, by sturdy peasants' aid,
The Parson for his bacon paid. —
Meanwhile, the triumph to complete,
Æsgrim's dragg'd along the street;
And thrown at length, as carrion vile,
Into a ditch, where for a while,
Sans every sense he lay:
At length from out his swoon he woke,
And from the place, as daylight broke,
Crept ruefully away." —

XV.

"Scarce a year since, again he swore,
To be my comrade as before;
The reason why, full well I knew,
He hoped some food I'd help him to;
And I, that better I might cheat him,
Vow'd to a good fat hen I'd treat him,
Swearing the work would be but light,
To rob a roost that very night.
I took him ('twas at midnight hour)
Beneath the window of a tower,
Which by a lattice we could climb,
And cried: 'Come on, tis now the time!'
Then made as if I crept within,
But left the foremost place for him; —
And in he went — quoth I: 'Be brave
And quick, if booty thou wouldst have!'
He groped about, both here and there,
And then began to curse and swear,
Crying: 'Of hens there's not a trace,
The dence a feather's in the place!'

Quoth I: 'The fowls that were there,
I've got, there's more behind I swear;
Go gently forward, but take care!'
Slim was the beam on which we stood,
But my retreat was soon made good; —
Loudly the window to I clapt,
And Æsgrim was now entrapt;
With anxious haste he turn'd him round.
But slipt and tumbled to the ground.
Roused by his fall, the folks below,
Who all had soundly slept till now;
Got up in haste and struck a light,
And in a corner found the wight,
Trembling with fear and woe:
Again his hide was curried well;
But how at length the chance befel,
That he amidst the blows and strife,
Still managed to escape with life,

In truth I do not know." —

XVI.

"Thus nephew, all my sins I've said,
And my confession fairly made; —
Now let me from my guilt be shriven.
That I may make my peace with heaven: —
Though hard the penance thou mayst lay,
With humble heart I will obey."
Grimbart knew how to meet the case,
For he was of a crafty race;
He pluck'd a twig beside the way,
And to his penitent did say:
"Thrice o'er the back, I charge thee smite
Thyself, with this — with all thy might;
Then lay it down before thee there,
Leap o'er it thrice, with pious care,
Kiss then the rod with penitence,
And I forgive thee each offence; —
Pronounce thee clear and free from all
Thy many sins, both great and small."

With solemn face, but willing heart,
 The Fox perform'd the allotted part;
 And Reynard's penance duly paid,
 This exhortation Grimbart made:
 "Friend, let thy penitence appear
 In thy good works, in fasts and prayer;
 Forsake thy former evil ways,
 From labour rest on holy days;
 Frequent each church and sacred place,
 And thou'lt attain to heaven's grace."
 Quoth Reynard: "This I'll strive to do,
 I promise, nay I swear it too."

XVII.

When Reynard's shrift at length was o'er,
 The pair resumed their way once more: —
 Beyond was spread a fertile land,
 A cloister lay on the right hand,
 By Nuns possest: within whose pens
 Were rear'd unnumber'd cocks and hens,
 Fat geese and capons prime:
 On these, when from the yard they stray'd,
 Reynard had fearful forays made,

On many a former time;
 And now to Grimbart he did say:
 "Nephew, it is the nearest way,
 By yonder cloister gate;"
 For near the wall the knave had seen
 Fat poultry strolling on the green,
 And as the feather'd folk he near'd,
 With greedy lust his eye-balls glared,
 And he bethought him straight;
 How well a fat young hen would taste,
 Which chanced to lag behind the rest,
 As he was passing by; —
 Sudden he made a desperate bound,
 But miss'd his prey, although around,
 He made her feathers fly.

XVIII.

As thus his penitent proceeds,
 Grimbart exclaims: "Are such thy deeds,
 Sinner unblest! — Will'st thou again
 Thy soul with new offences stain, —
 And thy confession scarcely done,
 A new career of evil run?"
 — Reynard replied: "Oh nephew dear,
 'Twas done without a thought, I swear!
 And I will offer prayers to heaven,
 That this new sin may be forgiven."

XIX.

Around the convent now they strode,
 And sought to gain their former road; —
 Reynard seem'd in reflection lost,
 But as a narrow bridge they crost,
 Grimbart with anger spies;
 How Reynard o'er the verdant plain,
 Still watch'd the distant feather'd train,
 With eager, longing eyes: —
 So hard he gazed, that if his head
 Had been struck off, it would have fled,
 To seize upon the prize.

XX.

Cried Grimbart: "O thou greedy wight!
 Canst thou not turn thy sinful sight,
 From yonder fowls away?"
 Reynard replied: "Thy speech is vain!
 I merely turned me round again,
 Murmuring an inward paternoster,
 For hens that die in yonder cloister;
 And also I would say,
 A prayer for the eternal peace,
 Of many long departed geese,
 Which I, when in a state of sin,
 Stole from the Nuns who dwell therein."
 Grimbart said naught, and Reynard still
 Gazed on, until a rising hill



H. Leutemann pinxit

W. Pöschel sculp.

Reynard's Confession Pöschel's Beichte.



Conceal'd the prospect fair:
But now once more the path they tread,
Which to the Monarch's palace led;

And while sly Reynard pondered o'er,
The crimes he had to answer for,
His brow grew dark with care.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

Full soon to all the court 'twas known,
Reynard approach'd the royal throne;
And young and old went out to see
The man of blood and treachery.
Though guilt and fear oppress'd his heart,
Full well he play'd his outward part; —
Proud was his step, and bold his eye,
As greeting all with courtesy,
He strode along the crowded street,
Towards the Monarch's judgment seat.
So brave his port, that well I ween,
If he the King's own son had been,
With mind at rest and conscience free; —
With greater ease and dignity
He could not have appear'd;
Than when before the crowd he prest,
And lowly kneeling with the rest,
Claim'd humbly to be heard.

II.

"Great King!" he cried, "whose boundless sway,
The mightiest chiefs with awe obey;
At thy command, I now appear,
So deign mine artless tale to hear! —
I've ever been in good and ill,
The faithful servant of thy will; —
And this my truth, in council proved,
Hath my detractors' envy moved;
And hence they seek with calumnies,
With slanders vile, and groundless lies,

To work my ruin in thine eyes,
And bring me to disgrace:
But still my comfort and my trust,
Is that my King is wise and just; —
And that in mercy he will deign
To hear me all the facts explain,
Each in its proper place."

III.

"Silence vile knave!" the Monarch cried,
"Nor think by flattery to avoid
Thy well deserved fate: —
Here stands the Cock, whose children dear
Were slain by thee; the case is clear —
Behold Sir *Ginje's* state!
Ensnared by thy vile treachery,
And wicked wiles, he lost an eye: —
See *Gruno's* scalpless pate!
And seeing this, canst thou pretend,
That thou art still thy Monarch's friend? —
Beware such senseless prate! —
But, by the rood! — to waste a word
On such a varlet, is absurd: —
Thy cup of crime is full at last,
The time for penitence is past;
And now at length, by cord or steel,
Our royal vengeance thou shalt feel."

IV.

Rejoin'd the Fox: "Great King and Lord,
Permit thine humblest slave a word! —

Is it my fault then, that the Bear,
 In seeking honey, found a snare;
 Or when the peasants cudgell'd him,
 He who 's so strong and huge of limb,
 And could have well their blows repaid,
 Fled howling to the stream instead? —
 And if the Cat got blows and shame,
 Can it be said that I'm to blame
 That he would go at night to mouse,
 Or steal, within the Parson's house? —
 But now I'm here at thy commands —
 My destiny is in thine hands;
 Thy will is law, thy power is great,
 And I resign me to my fate!"

V.

Bellin the Ram at once arose,
 And headed Reynard's numerous foes;
 Ginz the Cat, and Isgrim,
 With injured Bruno, follow'd him;
 Baldwin the Ass, Lampe the Hare,
 The Ox, and Horse, and Goat were there,
 From distant forests came the Roe,
 The Hart and Hind, were there also;
 The Coney, Weasel too, and Beaver,
 Complain'd against the arch-deceiver; —
 Berthold the Stork, Lutke the Crane,
 Henning the Cock, with all his train;
 And many others, great and small,
 ('Twere tedious to record them all)
 Came clamouring for redress.
 Never was seen on judgment day,
 So vast and various an array;
 While each a separate story told
 Of recent wrongs, or crimes of old,
 And brought his witnesses.

VI.

Reynard meanwhile, with wondrous skill,
 Denied each charge against him still; —

Tried every shift and vain pretence
 To baffle truth and common sense,
 And shield his crimes with eloquence.
 His fluent tongue made wrong seem right,
 And evil good, and darkness light;
 One would have thought, to hear him plead,
 He was the injured man indeed; —
 But witnesses of good repute,
 Proved all the facts, beyond dispute,
 And soon the council all agree,
 To doom him to the fatal tree. —
 Reynard himself, at length despair'd,
 When he the awful verdict heard;
 And found that e'en his artful rede,
 Had fail'd to help him in his need.

VII.

The King now spoke the dreadful word,
 Which sentenced Reynard to the cord,
 And he was quickly seized and bound,
 By the grim foes that stood around.
 Meanwhile his friends, who would not see
 Their kinsman's shameful destiny,
 Hasten'd at once to leave the place
 Of Reynard's peril and disgrace;
 Martin the Ape, and Grimbart too,
 Knelt to the King, and straight withdrew;
 And many other chiefs of fame,
 In sullen anger did the same.
 The King was vex'd when he beheld,
 So many nobles quit the field,

And to his Queen did say:
 "Reynard no doubt deserves his fate,
 Yet many a pillar of the state,
 And many a chief of high degree,
 Will henceforth be mine enemy,
 For what hath past this day."

VIII.

Meantime, the whole of Reynard's foes,
 Around the hapless culprit close,

And lead him to a neighbouring mead,
Where a tall gibbet rear'd its head.
Quoth *Hinze* unto *Asegrim*:
"Let 's quickly make an end of him! —
Remember how thy brothers twain,
Long since for mercy sued in vain;
When brought unto the fatal tree,
By *Reynard's* wiles and cruelty. —
And thou Sir *Bruno*, canst not fail,
To think upon the heavy tale,
Of blows from cudgel and from flail;
Which thou deceived by *Reynard's* wile,
Received from sturdy *Küstseil*,

Therefore make no delay:
We have the caitiff in our power —
Let him within the present hour,
For all his mischief pay."

Cried *Asegrim*: "Be free from fear —
Would that we had a halter here,
And short should be his pain!"
But here the Fox his silence broke,
And thus to his tormentors spoke: —
"Have you no halter for the nonce? —
Hinze can find you one at once,

One that can bear a strain! —
The same in which he lately swung,
When he so loud at supper sung; —
And in his eager quest for mice,
Purchased them at the Parson's price."

IX.

But now, upon the fatal plain,
The King and Queen, with all their train
Of Lords and Ladies came:

And following them a motley crowd,
Whose exclamations long and loud;
Proclaim'd their eagerness and glee,
Poor *Reynard's* shameful death to see,

His misery and shame. —
The Wolf, who still fear'd *Reynard's* art,

Took on himself the hangman's part;
While *Hinze* climb'd the tree in haste,
To make the fatal halter fast,
And *Bruno* brought a ladder near,
To finish *Reynard's* vile career.
The Fox who hoped, and not in vain,
His Monarch's favour still to gain;
Now mounted with a sigh profound,
The lofty ladder's dizzy round,
And in a voice both loud and clear,
Address'd the crowd assembled there:
"Good friends," he cried, "mine hour is come,
I yield me to mine awful doom;
Yet ere I die, I would relate
All my offences, small and great,
That ne'er in future times,
Innocent men may meet their fate,
For my proceedings 'gainst the state,
Or perish for my crimes."

X.

His feign'd contrition pleased the crowd,
And straight arose a murmur loud;
Entreating that the King would hear,
And grant at once, the culprit's prayer.
The King's consent was soon obtain'd,
And *Reynard* saw his end was gain'd; —
While all upon his accents hung,
These words flow'd glibly from his tongue:
"Now help me *Spiritus Domini*,
Among the crowd below, I see
Not one who's not been wrong'd by me. —
My crimes began when as a child,
I roam'd at large o'er wood and wild; —
I bit a Kid and suck'd its blood,
And lo! its taste was sweet and good;
Four Lambs soon afterwards I slew,
And as each day my boldness grew,
I left nor beast, nor bird in peace;
But warr'd on Coneys, Ducks, and Geese.

Nay, so much booty oft I found,
That I interr'd it in the ground;
For as my victims' blood was sweet,
I slew far more than I could eat." —

XI.

'Twas in these early days of mine,
While wandering on the banks of Rhine,
Within a gloomy forest's shade,
Acquaintance with the Wolf I made; —
Who claim'd my relative to be,
And reckon'd kith and kin with me;
So 'twas agreed, upon that day,
Together we should seek our prey,
And roam the land in company.
We stole whatever we could get,
And all was fish that came to net: —
Fairly I play'd my part, but ne'er
Did I receive my proper share;
If we a Calf or Wether stole,
He greedily devour'd the whole; —
While if an Ox or Cow we caught,
Forthwith his wife and cubs he brought,
Who growling, drove me from the place,
And ate my share before my face.
With patience all these wrongs I bore,
And lived upon my private store
Of costly goods, for be it known,
I've gold and jewels of my own;
With other things more precious still,
Seven waggons they at least would fill."

XII.

Nobel prick'd up his royal ears,
And sudden interest appears
To fill his kingly mind:
"All hidden treasures are," quoth he,
"Part of our rightful property;
And therefore by thy future weal,
We charge thee Reynard, to reveal,

Where we the same may find."
Replied the Fox: "My King and Lord!
Believe a dying sinner's word; —
Why, in this hour, should I refuse
To give, what I no more can use? —
Yet, ere I bid the world farewell
An awful story I would tell: —
The gold was stolen — I freely own,
But by that deed, I saved thy throne;
For had its owner not been crost,
Thy life and kingdom had been lost!"

XIII.

The Queen was seized with sudden fear,
When this strange story met her ear,
And to the Fox she said:
"Reynard I charge thee by thy faith,
By thy soul's health, and coming death;
Confess to us each secret thing,
Which may concern our Lord the King —
Speak without fear or dread!" —
The King commanded silence round,
Bade that the culprit be unbound,
And once more placed upon the ground,
That he might tell his tale.
With joyful heart, the Fox obey'd,
His story was already made; —
A cunning lie he well could weave,
And when he practised to deceive,
Was rarely known to fail.
"Could I," thought he, "regain once more,
The influence I possess before;
Amplly would I repay each foe,
Who sought to work mine overthrow —
And all mine enemies should find,
How well I paid my debts in kind."

XIV.

"Now," quoth the Queen, "I pray relate,
What is this plot against the state,



The Pledge to Creation. (See Hogg's 'Hundredthousand')



Dear Sir,
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the above named matter, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

What means this mystery?
 Nought but the truth I prithee say,
 Remember 'tis thy dying day; —
 That falsehood can but harm thy soul,
 So now at once confess the whole,
 And as a Christian die.”
 Exclaim'd the Fox; “Ah, woe is me,
 And hard my fatal destiny!
 If to confess, I should refrain,
 I fear to suffer endless pain;
 While if I do, 'twill cost the lives
 Of my dear friends and relatives —
 What course to take I cannot tell,
 For ah, I fear the pains of hell!”

XV.

On Nobel's brow a cloud appears,
 He pauses long, 'twixt doubts and fears: —
 “Is this tale true?” at length he cries,
 And straight the crafty knave replies: —
 “My Liege! I am a sinful wight,
 Who oft hath warr'd against the right;
 Yet, ere my earthly course is run,
 I'd fain retrieve the evil done; —
 Thy word is past that I must die,

What could I gain, if I should lie,
 But everlasting misery? —
 Let my last words thy credence gain,
 Nor my confession be in vain!”
 While thus he spoke, with cunning art,
 He play'd the contrite sinner's part,
 And all his soul, and every sense,
 Seem'd whelm'd in grief and penitence.

XVI.

The Queen was moved his woes to see,
 And urged the King to clemency: —
 “O good my Lord!” she said,
 “Let my entreaties now prevail,
 And Reynard live to tell his tale:
 Perchance the secrets he'll relate,
 May be of service to the state,
 And to its royal head.”
 The Monarch grants his consort's will,
 And bids the noisy crowd be still; —
 While Reynard cries: “Great Prince, give ear!
 For though no learned clerk is near,
 To write my words on parchment here,
 My tale shall be both brief and clear.”

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

Now listen to the cunning tale,
 Which Reynard used his crimes to veil: —
 Soft flow'd his words, in fluent tide,
 While he sans shame and conscience lied; —
 To gain belief, the crafty knave
 Traduced his father in the grave,
 Nay, even Grimbart, who had sought
 To hide the mischiefs he had wrought,

He blacken'd with foul treason's stain,
 The better credence to obtain; —
 And scorn'd no means, however base,
 To bring his foemen to disgrace.

II.

“Know then, my Lord and King!” he said,
 “My father, who hath long been dead,
 Once in a cavern underground,

The good King **Ermerick's** treasure found,

A vast and boundless 'store! —

He found it in an evil hour,

For now his pride and lust of power,

Grew daily, more and more:

Forthwith he plotted 'gainst the state,

And sought with loftier chiefs to mate,

Than e'er he had before. —

Hinze the Cat, to this intent,

He with a secret message sent

To Arden's forest, dark and wide,

In which the Bear did then reside,

To offer him the crown;

Bid him to Flanders straight repair,

And promise him a welcome fair,

From nobles of renown." —

III.

"**Bruno** the summons heard with glee,

And off to Flanders hasten'd he,

Where he my father found;

Who straightway sent for **Isgrim**

And **Grimbart** both, to come to him; —

With them was **Hinze** too, the Cat,

As they in secret council sat,

When darkness reign'd around.

'Twixt Iste, and the walls of Ghent,

The traitors held their parliament;

Which lasted a long winter's night,

From evening's shades, till morning's light, —

And doubtless 'twas by Satan's aid,

That they at length their compact made.

Bribed by my father's treasure, they

Agreed their lawful King to slay —

As future Monarch hail'd the Bear,

Pledged him their faith and fealty there,

And vow'd on Aachen's royal throne,

Ere long, he should receive the crown.

On the Wolf's head they deeply swore,

Friendship and truth for evermore,

And that if any loyal man

Dared to oppose their treacherous plan;

Or question'd **Bruno's** high command,

He should be banish'd from the land."

IV.

"Tis fit it should be now explain'd,

How I by chance this secret gain'd: —

Grimbart one day was drunk with wine,

And told it to his ladye fine,

But bade her silent be; —

Yet, as the fool might well have thought,

Full soon a confidant she sought,

And to my wife the story brought,

Who swore to secrecy,

Upon her honour and her fame, —

In every saint and martyr's name,

Yet told the tale to me;

Nor fail'd to bring a token too,

By which the story's truth I knew."

V.

"Now, when my wife had said her say,

My head was fill'd with sore dismay,

For I remember'd straight, —

How once, as ancient records say,

The Frogs did for a ruler pray;

And with their clamours wearied heaven,

A Monarch might to them be given,

To regulate their state: —

And God in anger heard their prayer,

And sent the Stork, King **Adebarr**,

Who swallow'd them by hundreds there; —

Gave them no rest by night or day,

But made his subjects still his prey;

While they bemoan'd their hapless fate

And love of change, alas! too late."

VI.

Sly **Reynard** spoke both loud and clear,

That all assembled there might hear,



H. Leutemann. sculp.

A. H. Payne. sc.

Bruin as King. Bruin als König.



They look as if they were of the same kind.

And thus went on: "I dreaded sore,
That such a fate might be in store
For us, for well the Bear I knew,
As greedy, fierce, and cruel too; —
Unlike our present gracious Lord,
Whose virtues will a theme afford,

Till time shall be no more! —
I fear'd to see the Lion's sway,
Which all with love and joy obey,
Exchanged for the despotic rule
Of a mere glutton and a fool,

And deeply ponder'd o'er
A plan to gain my father's gold,
For which his friends their fealty sold; —
And well I guess'd he'd seek in vain,
Adherents to his plot to gain,
When he'd no more the means to pay
The tools of his vile treachery."

VII.

"I therefore sought both night and day,
To find out where the treasure lay;
And ceaseless watch'd, with this intent,
When'er my father came or went. —
O'er field and forest, hill and dale,
In rain or sunshine, snow or hail,
I track'd him long without avail,
Yet did my patience never fail; —

At length one happy day,
From out a cave I saw him creep,
Which 'twixt two rocks lay dark and deep:
And mark'd him, as with jealous care,
He hid the entrance to his lair,

While I in ambush lay.
I saw him, to conceal his trail,
Sweep the earth's surface with his tail,
And deftly with his mouth efface,
From off the sand, his footsteps' trace; —
A subtle trick, which well I ween,
I till that moment, ne'er had seen." —

VIII.

"To me, 'twas now as daylight clear,
The long sought treasure-trove lay here; —
To work I went, a passage made,
And soon my labour was repaid; —
Before me there, in heaps untold,
Lay silver bright, and ruddy gold, —
And ne'er the eldest here I trow,
Hath seen so rich and fair a show.
Full hard I work'd, for many a day,
This precious store to bear away;
And well my wife, Dame Ermelcin,
Supported me in my design; —
Sore was the labour and the pain,
For we had neither cart nor wain;
But still we labour'd on, till we
Had placed it in security,
Within a deep and secret den,
Secure from every creature's ken."

IX.

"Meanwhile my sire, as well I knew,
Consorted with the traitorous crew
Of vile conspirators, who still,
Against their Monarch plotted ill;
And they agreed 'twould aid their ends,
If Bruno wrote to all his friends,
In every province of the land,
That each should raise a hircling band
Of sturdy knaves, who'd fight for pay,
And come to him without delay; —
Promising all who brought him aid,
Their guerdon should at once be paid.
My father bore the letters round,
And fair success his efforts crown'd;
He saw each land I well opine,
Between the banks of Elbe and Rhine,
And soldiers found in all:
Who promised readily to come
To Bruno's help, with trump and drum,

Whenever he might call.
 Meantime, my sire but little thought,
 That I, his darling wealth had sought
 And found, and took away;
 And if the world were to be bought,
 At a doit's price, that he had not
 The means that price to pay."

X.

"His embassy at length complete,
 My sire return'd his friends to meet;
 And had full many a tale to tell,
 Of incidents by field and fell; —
 And how he once on Saxon land,
 Hardly escaped a hunters' band,
 Which follow'd him with hound and horn,
 And chased him a whole winter's morn.
 And then, the list he did unfold,
 Of all the hirelings he'd enroll'd: —
 Of the fierce race of *Aegrim*,
 Five hundred full, were sworn to him,
 While to set *Bruno* on the throne,
 The Cats and Bears had all been won.
 Gluttons and Badgers, also he
 In Thuringia and Saxony,

Had won to aid the plot;
 But all had this condition made,
 That one month's wages should be paid,
 Ere they from home set out.
 Sir *Bruno* heard the news with glee,
 And all rejoiced exceedingly: —
 Thank God, this treason to prevent,
 I was the humble instrument!" —

XI.

"And now, my sire went forth to see
 The cave which form'd his treasury;
 But all in vain he gazed around,
 The more he sought, the less he found:
 His frantic rage may well be guess'd,

But never sure, in words express'd —
 Enough, that madden'd by the thought,
 That all his schemes had come to nought,
 In black despair and frenzy, he
 Hang'd himself on the nearest tree.
 Thus, did I save both King and state,
 Yet such is still mine adverse fate,
 That, while the trait'rous Wolf and Bear,
 The council's highest honours share;
 I, that my sire's existence gave,
 Our gracious Monarch's life to save,
 Am doom'd upon the gibbet high,
 With shame and infamy to die.

XII.

While thus the Fox belied his sire,
 Great was the King and Queen's desire,
 To gain the secret store of gold,
 Of which *Reynard* so glibly told;
 They therefore call'd the culprit near,
 That none but they his voice might hear,
 And ask'd: "Where doth this treasure lie?" —
Reynard replied: "Nay, why should I
 Give up to you my precious gains,
 Who will but hang me for my pains? —
 And still believe the calumnies
 Invented by mine enemies. —
 Rejoin'd the Queen: "That shall not be,
 The King at once will set thee free,
 Will all thy former faults forgive,
 Forget his rage, and let thee live, —
 If thou upon the crown wilt swear
 Henceforth such actions to forbear."
Reynard cried: "O my gracious Queen! —
 In all the world there ne'er hath been
 A King so rich, as I will make
 His Majesty, if for thy sake,
 His mercy he'll to me extend,
 And save me from a shameful end."



H. Leutemann pinat

A. H. Payne sc

Old Reynard's Treasure. Des alten Röncke's Schätze

XIII.

“Trust not his words!” King **Nobel** cries:
 “Nor heed his hateful perjuries,
 He speaks but to deceive!
 Only when he relates his shame,
 And deeds unmeet a noble’s name,
 His speech thou mayst believe.” —
 “Not so, my Lord!” the Queen exclaim’d,
 “I trust that he is now reclaim’d; —
 Bethink thee, in his story, he
 Attacks his father’s memory,
 And that his accusations tend
 To harm **Grimbart**, his dearest friend; —
 Which he would surely never do,
 Unless ’twere from remorse and rue.”
 — “Well,” quoth the King, “I’ll yield to thee,
 Pardon his crimes, and set him free,
 But solemnly I swear,
 If e’er again the peace he break,
 He dies the death; and for his sake,
 His race unto the tenth degree,
 From out the land shall banish’d be,
 So, let him well beware!”

XIV.

With joyful heart Sir **Reynard** saw
 That he’d again escaped the law,
 And to the King did say:
 “My Liege, it were a grave offence
 If I, in this august presence,
 Should dare to say a single word,
 Unless good proof I could afford,
 Upon an early day!” —
 So **Nobel** credited the tale,
 And let his consort’s words prevail; —
 Pardon’d **Reynard** his treasons dire,
 And all the misdeeds of his sire. —
 Whilst he rejoiced, as well he might,
 At having foil’d his foemens’ spite,
 And all their plans completely crost,
 E’en at the moment all seem’d lost.

XV.

His ardent thanks the Fox express’d,
 And then, the Monarch thus address’d:
 “May God reward the grace and ruth,
 With which thou’st heard me speak the truth;
 Nay more, in mercy deign’d to hear
 And grant, a hapless sinner’s prayer; —
 Thy gracious consort also, I
 Am bound to for her clemency;
 And ere I from thy presence go,
 My humble gratitude I’ll show,
 By telling to your Majesties,
 Where good King **Ermerick**’s treasure lies.”

XVI.

“In Eastern Flanders, is a place
 Call’d Husterlo, a desert space,
 In which, scarce once within the year,
 A man or woman dare appear,
 But owls alone inhabit there. —
 Here springs a fountain from the ground,
 Call’d Krekelborn, which when you’ve found,
 Your search is well nigh o’er;
 Its banks two fair young birches shade,
 And ’neath their spreading arms is laid,
 King **Ermerick**’s golden store. —
 ’Twere well that you in person seek,
 The precious hoard of which I speak,
 And trust no messenger; —
 There hid ’neath moss, the crown you’ll find,
 That once did **Ermerick**’s temples bind,
 And would have crown’d the Bear,
 If he had hurl’d you from the throne —
 ’Tis crusted o’er with many a stone,
 Of value passing rare.
 And when your Majesties behold,
 The priceless stores of gems and gold,
 Of silver sheen, and coins untold,
 In spirit you will say:
 ‘O **Reynard**, honest, brave and loyal,

Who from the traitor took the spoil,
 And hid it here, beneath the soil, —
 May God thy deed repay! —
 Let joy and honour still await
 This upright pillar of the state,
 Where'er his footsteps stray!"

XVII.

Nobel the King, at once replied:
 "Sir Reynard thou must be my guide,
 This secret place to find;
 Aachen and Lübeck, both are famed,
 Paris and Cöln, are often named;
 But ne'er in all my life I trow,
 Have I heard tell of Husterlo, —
 Nor can I call to mind
 That ever, since my natal morn,
 I have heard ought of Krekelborn —
 I fear thou dost deceive!"
 Rejoin'd the Fox, with brazen face:
 "My Lord! I send thee not to trace
 Thy weary way to foreign strand,
 The place lies here in Flemish land; —
 Thy doubts I can relieve
 By asking any here around,
 Where these two places may be found! —
 Forthwith he call'd the Hare;
 Who came with looks of dread and woe,
 "Speak!" quoth Reynard, "what dost thou know
 Of Krekelborn and Husterlo? —
 Say on, thou need'st not fear!"
 Cried Lampe: „In a waste they lie,
 Where once a friar, call'd Simonp,
 His false gold pieces made:
 Full well I know the spot, for I
 From hunger once was like to die;
 What time I there a refuge found,
 From cruel Rync, the savage hound —
 Thank heaven, that feud is stay'd!" —
 — "Enough!" cried Reynard, "thou canst go,

The King has heard, what he would know!" —

Then Nobel spoke once more:
 "Reynard, forget my hasty speech,
 But now at once set out, and teach
 The way to this thy store."

XVIII.

Quoth Reynard: "Gladly would I go
 With thee at once, the path to show;
 But ah! a deadly sin 'twould be,
 To take me in thy company,
 The cause with shame I tell! —
 It chanced, long since, that Isgrim,
 Was seized with a repentant whim;
 So, entering a religious house,
 He shaved his head, and took the vows; —
 But mark what next befel!
 Full soon his hasty step he rued,
 And clamour'd loud for extra food; —
 In vain the holy brethren gave
 Rations for six, yet more he'd have;
 And as he day by day grew thinner,
 I really pitied the poor sinner,
 And help'd him one unhappy day,
 To scale the walls, and run away.
 For this, I'm now an outlaw'd man,
 Accurst, and 'neath the papal ban; —
 Therefore, if thou permitt'st me, I
 With morrow's dawning day will hie,
 To Rome, and absolution seek,
 As pilgrim humble, poor, and meek;
 That done, I mean to cross the sea
 To other shrines, nor till I'm free
 From sin, will I return to thee.
 Meanwhile, 'twould ill beseem my Lord,
 If countenance he should afford,
 Or own as servant of the state,
 One who is excommunicate."

XIX.

"Well hast thou right!" return'd the King,
 "It were indeed a wicked thing,
 Among my train to suffer one
 Beneath the pope's dread malison.
 Campe the Hare, to-morrow's morn,
 Shall guide my steps to Krekelborn,

While thou shalt take thy way to Rome,
 And shrive thee at the holy tomb; —
 God speed thee by the way! —
 Ill were the deed, if we should dare
 To hold thee from thy purpose fair,
 But for a single day."

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

The secret conference was done,
 Reynard again had favour won;
 And now the King with solemn pace,
 Ascends a broad and lofty place,
 And bids the crowd be still; —
 Commands that on the grassy earth,
 In order ranged, of rank and birth,
 They list his royal will.
 The Fox meanwhile, by all was seen
 In place of honour, near the Queen,
 While glancing o'er the subject crowd,
 Nobel the King, thus spoke aloud: —

II.

"Be silent all, that all may hear,
 Listen, both commoner and peer! —
 Reynard, who for offences high,
 You saw but lately doom'd to die,
 Hath since, such weighty secrets shown,
 Affecting both our life and throne,
 That we again extend our grace
 To him, and all his ancient race;
 Nay, at our consort's fair request,
 Take him again unto our breast
 As friend, his lands and goods restore,
 And prize him higher than before.

Therefore, we charge that none neglect
 To pay him every due respect,
 And that his wife and children be
 In honour held, and courtesy. —
 Of former sins no more we'll hear,
 He is about the score to clear;
 For morrow's morn, at break of day,
 With scrip and staff he takes his way
 To Rome, and then will cross the main,
 Full absolution to obtain; —
 Nor till he's freed, will come *again."

III.

As Reynard's foes King Nobel heard,
 Terror and rage their bosoms stirr'd,
 And Hinz cried in Bruno's ear:
 "By Heaven, I'll stay no longer here,
 Is Reynard once again in grace,
 The court's for us no dwelling place: —
 One eye already I have lost,
 A longer stay may t'other cost!" —
 "In truth thou'rt right," Sir Bruno said,
 "Good counsel breaketh no man's head!" —
 "Not so," quoth furious Isgrim,
 "Let us again address the King!"
 And led Sir Bruno forth, though loth,
 Before the throne, where straight they both

Began a long and loud protest,
 Against the Monarch's new behest.
 "Have we not said," King **Hobel** cried,
 "That we are now on **Reynard's** side?"
 In wrath he spoke, and speaking sign'd
 Unto his guards, to seize and bind
 Them both upon the spot;
 For now he thought on **Reynard's** words,
 In former times, that both these lords
 Had join'd his father's plot.

IV.

Thus **Reynard** by his cunning fables,
 Upon his foemen turn'd the tables;
 Nay more, he brought the thing so wide,
 That he a piece of **Bruno's** hide,
 (Which from his living back they strip)
 Received, to make his pilgrim's scrip.
 Nor yet content, the caiffiff sues
 The Queen, to grant a pair of shoes,
 Hinting that those of **Isgrim**,
 In fact, are just the things for him;
 And that his wife might also spare
 Without much loss, a hinder pair,
 As she but seldom wish'd to roam, —
 And housewives still are best at home.

V.

The Queen was pleased to hear his prayer,
 Granted his wish both then and there,
 And vow'd, if even they should die,
 Two pairs of shoes they should supply.
 Quoth he: "Of all the good I do,
 A part will still revert to you,
 I'll name my King's and Queen's good deeds
 With zeal, when 'er I tell my beads; —
 A pilgrim's duty 'tis to pray
 For all who help him on his way, —
 May heaven your kindly deeds repay!"

VI.

So **Isgrim** with pain and woe,
 Yielded his buskins to his foe;
 And **Reynard** saw with cruel glee,
 The Wolf's legs stripp'd below the knee.
 His hapless wife, his trouble shared,
 As both her hinder feet were bared; —
 They lost at once, both claws and hide,
 That **Reynard's** wants might be supplied.
 So they, and eke the wretched Bear,
 Sat and bemoan'd their misery there; —
 While **Reynard** without fear or shame,
 Derided all, but most the dame.
 "Well, Cousin **Gieremuth**!" he cried,
 "I fear'd thy shoes would be too wide,
 But faith, I find they fit me well —
 I hope they will prove durable! —
 If so or not, I'll keep them still,
 As tokens of my friend's good will;
 And what I bring of holy ware,
 Pardons and such like, thou shalt share,
 When I come back from Rome."
 Poor **Gieremuth** could scarcely speak,
 Yet cried in accents faint and weak: —
 "Heaven will no doubt our wrongs repay
 Upon thee, at the proper day, —
 Would God, that day were come!"
 The Wolf in silence bore his care,
 Nor answer made the wounded Bear; —
 While **Reynard** wish'd the Cat were there,
 Their misery and woe to share.

VII.

Early next morn, no time to lose,
 Sir **Reynard** having oil'd the shoes,
 Which through his guile, the day before
 From his poor relatives were tore,
 Before the Monarch stood: —
 "Great Prince!" he cried, "I'm ready now,
 For the fulfilment of my vow,



A. H. 1850

H. 1850

Brown in Prison Brown in Prison





H. Leutemann del.

A. H. Payne sc.

Pollin's Benediction. Der Tegen Bollin's.

But if thou think'st it good;
 Let holy priest a blessing say,
 And thus dismiss me on my way
 In humble, pious, mood."
 King **Nobel** heard the caitiff's prayer,
 And call'd **Sellin**, his chancellor,
 And private chaplain eke;
 Quoth he, "Sir Priest, 'tis our command,
 That ere Sir **Reynard** leaves the land,
 A blessing thou wouldst speak! —
 Bind on his scrip, with holy sign,
 Hallow his staff with words divine,
 And give it to his hand."
 Replied the Ram: "My King and Lord! —
 I dare not speak the holy word
 To one accurst and bann'd; —
 For if my Bishop hears the tale,
 To punish me, he will not fail. —
 'Twere best to shun the whole affair;
 But if your Majesty will bear
 Me free, 'gainst Bishop **Ohnegrund**,
 His Provost, Doctor **Rosefund**,
 And **Rapianus** too, the Dean,
 Who 'll all be up in arms, I ween; —
 I'll read a mass with all my heart,
 And bless the pilgrim, ere he part."

VIII.

"What words are these?" the Monarch cries,
 And anger flashes from his eyes,
 "But little do we care, God wot!
 Whether a mass be read or not; —
 As little, be it understood,
 For my Lord Bishop, and his brood! —
 To Rome, as pilgrim, **Reynard** hies,
 Say, wouldst thou thwart his enterprize?"
 The Monarch's wrath, poor **Sellin** fears,
 Scratches in doubt, behind his ears;
 And then begins with sudden speed,
 O'er **Reynard's** head, his book to read.

But little did the caitiff care,
 For holy sign, or murmur'd prayer; —
 And if they help'd him on his way,
 In sooth, is more than I can say.

IX.

The benediction now was read,
 The cross was sign'd, the prayers were said;
 With staff and scrip sly **Reynard** stood,
 While his false tears, in ample flood,
 Pour'd o'er his cheek and beard:
 His sorrow was in truth but small,
 And if at heart, he grieved at all,
 It was that all assembled there,
 Were not served like the Wolves and Bear; —
 But now his voice was heard,
 Entreating prayers might be bestow'd
 To aid him on his lonely road; —
 And as with humble mien and tone,
 He made him for his journey boune,
 'Twas thus King **Nobel** spoke:
 "Mine honest friend, it grieves me sore,
 That thou shouldst seek a foreign shore!" —
 "My Lord," the canting knave did say,
 "Good deeds admit of no delay,
 My vow may not be broke!" —
 "Well," cried the King, "if 't must be so,
 Thou hast our royal leave to go!" —
 Then bade his courtiers all, that they
 Should walk with him a little way; —
 So all the court march'd out with him,
 Except the Bear and **Isgrim**,
 Who lay as hapless captives bound,
 In grief and pain, upon the ground,

X.

Thus, **Reynard** gain'd the end desired,
 And now with dignity retired;
 While those most forward to complain,
 Obsequious follow'd in his train.

Yet ere the King, farewell he bade,
 He whispering to the Monarch said; —
 "My Liege! I prithee have a care
 Of those vile knaves, the Wolf and Bear,
 Should they to freedom e'er attain,
 They'll soon be hatching plots again; —
 So for thy safety it were best,
 To hold them still in close arrest."

XI.

And now the King and court prepare
 To hie them back, while with an air
 Of feign'd contrition for his sins,
 Reynard his pilgrimage begins; —
 He bade adieu with such a mien
 Of pious grace, to King and Queen,
 That many pitied him that day,
 His toilsome march and weary way. —
 Sampe the Hare, above the rest,
 Grief for the wanderer exprest,
 Which Reynard quickly mark'd, and cried: —
 "Willst thou too wander from my side
 So soon? — I'd hoped thou wouldst abide
 With me a longer space, —
 And Scellin too, a little while,
 Would deign my journey to beguile,
 With words of holy grace: —
 For you are men of gentle mood,
 Whose lives are spent in doing good;
 Whose blameless banquets still the field,
 The wood, and upland pasture yield,
 With herbs and grass content! —
 Such once my life, when I did dwell,
 As anchorite, in lonely cell,
 On fast and penance bent."
 Won by his words, the pair agree,
 Awhile to bear him company,
 And blinded by his cunning art,
 They go with him to Malepart.

XII.

As they approach'd the castle gate,
 Quoth he: "Friend Scellin, prithee wait
 Awhile without, meantime the Hare
 And I, will to my spouse repair; —
 Boundless will be her grief of heart,
 When first she learns that I depart;
 And he will help to soothe her woe,
 And give her comfort ere I go."
 Soft words sly Reynard did not spare,
 The simple couple to ensnare;
 And well he in the end prevail'd,
 For in ill deeds, he seldom fail'd.
 So Sampe enter'd Reynard's house,
 And greeted fair his lovely spouse; —
 They found her with her children dear,
 Heavy of heart and sad of cheer,
 For she had deem'd it were in vain,
 To hope her lord's return again.
 But when he stood before her eyes,
 With scrip and staff, in pilgrim guise,
 She wonder'd sore, and begg'd him straight,
 His whole adventures to relate.

XIII.

Quoth he: "I've been in doleful case,
 But have regain'd the Monarch's grace
 And now am free — the Wolf and Bear,
 Remain as sureties for me there. —
 Nay more, as pledge of amity,
 The King hath given the Hare to me;
 Telling me ere I came away,
 'Twas he who did my cause betray,
 A crime for which he now shall pay!"
 When these dread words met Sampe's ear,
 He shook in every limb with fear,
 And would have fled his coming fate;
 But Reynard sprang before the gate —
 Now by the neck he seized him fast,
 While Sampe trembling and aghast,



H. Leudemann pinx.

H. Fischer sculp.

Regnare sine Lampe. Rincere sine Lampe.

Shriek'd: "Sellin, help me or I die!" —
 In vain, he gave no second cry, —
 Ere the poor wretch could shriek again,
 Reynard had bit his throat in twain.

XIV.

"Come now!" cried Reynard to his brood,
 "A good fat Hare is savoury food; —
 For the first time the fool 's of use,
 Since he was born — he will produce
 No new complaints of me I trow, —
 So let's proceed to supper now."
 Dame Ermelein enjoy'd the treat,
 And blest the King, who gave the meat;
 Cried Reynard: "Eat thy fill I pray,
 At least we have enough to-day;
 And when we stand in need of more,
 Mine enemies shall pay the score."

XV.

Quoth Ermelein: "I prithee tell,
 The adventures that at court befel."
 Cried he: "The tale 's too long I ween,
 Enough, I cheated King and Queen; —
 But faith, our friendship 's far from fast,
 The truth must out — it cannot last, —
 Should I again before them come,
 Short were my shrift, and quick my doom.
 Therefore, I hold it best that we
 Should to the Suabian country flee: —
 There we unknown, may live at ease,
 On hares and coneys, ducks and geese;
 Fat hens and capons too are there,
 Green are the fields, and mild the air,
 The rivers clear and famed for fish,
 And all besides that heart can wish
 May there be had, this well I know —
 I dwelt there many years ago,
 As hermit, and did daily share
 Abundant food and dainty fare, —

As for the rest, tis very clear,
 That we no more may linger here;
 To save my neck, a tale I've told,
 About a secret store of gold,
 And in the morn, the King will go,
 To seek the hoard at Husterlo;
 But little there he'll find I trow! —
 His rage at this will be but just,
 And ne'er again my life I'll trust,
 Though only for a single hour,
 Within the compass of his power."

XVI.

The dame replied, with mournful face:
 "What, must we leave our dwelling place,
 As exiles seek a foreign strand,
 And ne'er behold our native land? —
 No, by my fay! we'll here remain,
 And rule our faithful vassal train. —
 Ere danger threatens, to quit the field,
 Will neither fame nor profit yield;
 Our tower is strong, and should the King
 To storm our walls, his forces bring,
 We still have many a secret path,
 By which we may escape his wrath.
 In sooth, I little fear his rage,
 But this accursed pilgrimage,
 On which it seems, thou wilt depart,
 Hath grieved me to the very heart."

XVII.

"Dear wife," cried Reynard, "dry thy tears,
 And give to air thine empty fears;
 The proverb must in mind be borne,
 'Better forsworn than forlorn',
 I well believe it true!
 An oath compell'd can never bind,
 But passes like the idle wind; —
 And if a dozen oaths I'd ta'en,

Be sure, I ne'er would cross the main; —
 Nor will I leave my native home,
 To go on pilgrimage to Rome,
 Beshrew me if I do!

On second thoughts, methinks 'tis plain,
 'Twere better we should here remain; —
 In open warfare well I know,
 The King can work my overthrow,
 But at the worst, 't may chance that I
 May foil his rage with policy,
 And working on his hopes or fears,
 May draw a fools-cap o'er his ears."

XVIII.

Gellin meanwhile, who stood without,
 Impatiently began to shout: —
 "Come Lampe, come, no more delay,
 'Tis time we took our homeward way!" —
 This Reynard heard, and instant went,
 To soothe his peevish discontent;
 "My friend," quoth he, "the gallant Hare,
 Converses with my ladye fair,
 They're cousins, and 'tis long I ween,
 Since one another they have seen,
 And they have many a tale to tell,
 Therefore perhaps 't would be as well,
 If thou'rt in haste, no more to wait,
 No doubt, he'll overtake thee straight."
 "Humph!" cried the Ram, "methinks I heard
 Loud cries within — and in a word,
 That Lampe call'd on me for aid." —
 "Thou'rt right in faith!" sly Reynard said,
 "For when my wife, saw I was bouné
 As pilgrim, she fell in a swoon,
 And Lampe cried in fright and dread,
 'Help Gellin, help, my cousin 's dead!'" —
 "Aha, indeed! if that be all —
 But 'twas a loud and anxious call?" —
 "'Twas nought," quoth Reynard, "I declare! —
 I would not hurt a single hair

Of Lampe's head, for sooth to tell,
 I always loved him far too well." —

XIX.

"But now," cried Reynard, "I would task
 Thy kindness, and a favour ask. —
 The King commanded I should state
 My thoughts, upon some points of weight,
 In letters, which I've ready here,
 Say, wilt thou be my messenger?" —
 Quoth Gellin: "That I'd gladly be;
 But I've no bag or mail with me!" —
 Return'd the Fox, "That, I'll provide,
 Here is the scrip from Bruno's hide,
 'Twill hold the letters well, I trow; —
 Nor wilt thou unrewarded go,
 Be sure, the news that thou wilt bring,
 Will make thee welcome to the King."

XX.

Gellin believed the artful tale,
 And straightway Reynard brought the mail;
 In which without remorse or dread,
 He'd placed the murder'd Lampe's head,
 And to the Ram did say: —
 "My friend, I charge thee have a care, —
 Of opening the scrip beware,
 While journeying on thy way; —
 'Tis closed with many a cunning knot,
 And when the Monarch finds, I wot,
 That all is as is wont to be,
 In letters he receives from me,
 Thy faith he will repay. —
 Nay more, 't would aid thy rise at court,
 If thou shouldst add in thy report,
 I took to aid thy subtle wit,
 Advice and council, ere I writ." —
 With joy cried Gellin: "Friend, I find
 In this, a proof of generous mind; —
 'Tis true I've little clerkly skill,



H. Heilmann pinx.

J. F. Knechtel sculp.

Reynard and Bellin. Pincke and Bellin.



opening the 'loop'
Golden Gate

To dress my thoughts in words at will;
 But many a courtier now-a-days,
 By others' wit, gains wealth and praise,
 And faith, why should not I? —
 But say, will **Lampe** go or stay?" —
 Quoth **Reynard**: "I have much to say
 To him, on many a secret thing,
 Which much concerns our Lord and King,
 He stays — so now good-bye!"

XXI.

Bellin sped forth with footstep free,
 And reach'd the court at noon, where he
 Sought audience of the King: —
 But when the Monarch saw he bore
 The scrip, which lately **Reynard** wore,
 He cried in haste: "Whence comest thou, say —
 Where didst thou leave the Fox, I pray,
 What tidings dost thou bring?"
 The Ram replied: "Great Potentate,
 I left him at his castle gate;
 But ere we parted, he did crave
 My good advice, which straight I gave, —
 Its sense, these letters will declare,
 Which here, within the scrip I bear."

XXII.

Sockart the Beaver, now with speed
 Was sent for, 'twas his task to read
 All public documents, for he,
 As scribe, and public notary,
 Full many a language knew! —
 Hence the Cat was also there: —
 The knots they now undid with care,
 But start with fear and horror back,
 As 'stead of letters, from the sack
 Poor **Lampe's** head they drew!
 The court was frighten'd and amazed,
 With shame and grief King **Nobel** gazed,
 And mourn'd in accents of despair,

The cruel murder of the Hare: —
 While every valiant peer and chief,
 Echo'd his sighs and shared his grief.

XXIII.

At length, a prince of royal blood,
Lupardus hight, arose and stood
 "Before the throne: "My Liege," quoth he,
 Forget thy grief, and list to me! —
 Art thou not King of all the land,
 Bows not each chief at thy command?" —
 "E'en for that cause," cried **Nobel**, "I
 Of shame and grief am like to die,
 By **Reynard** fopp'd, that traitor base,
 I've plunged in misery and disgrace
 My dearest friends — stout **Isegrim**,
 And **Bruno** too, I've wrong'd through him,
 Who now in prison vainly vent,
 In smother'd groans their discontent.
 Woe worth the day in which my queen,
 That flagrant traitor sought to screen! —
 But now repentance comes too late,
 And nought can aid me in my strait."

XXIV.

Replied the Leopard: "Mighty Lord,
 Thy power can still redress afford,
Bellin hath own'd himself to be
 An actor in this tragedy,
 So give him, with his race for aye,
 The captives' losses to repay. —
 That done, to seek the Fox we'll go,
 And if we catch him, short I trow,
 Will be his shrift, on the next tree
 He'll pay for all his villany; —
 For should he come to speech again,
 Once more his freedom he'd obtain."
 With lighten'd heart, King **Nobel** hears —
 Bids him release the captive peers,
 And straightway, to proclaim aloud,

Both to the courtiers and the crowd,
That Reynard was accurst and bann'd,
As traitor to the King and land; —
And that the Bear and Wolf again,
With honour join'd the royal train.

XXV.

Lupardus hasten'd forth with glee,
To set the noble captives free,
And cried: "Good friends, no longer fear! —
Your innocence is now made clear: —
The King regrets your sad disgraces,
Restores you to your former places,

Your honours, and your lands: —
Nay, better to redress your wrongs,
Sellin the Ram, with all his sons,
He gives you, from the present day
Henceforth, to be your lawful prey; —

Such are his high commands.
Yet more, his ample grace to show,
He gives Reynard, your hateful foe,
Unto your vengeance dread; —
His race, for ever and for aye,
Are yours, to deal with as ye may,

To hold in bondage or to slay: —

My message I have said! —
But now my private council hear,
Without delay at court appear; —
Forget the past, and you are sure,
The Monarch's favour to secure."

XXVI.

Thus Nobel, by the Leopard's aid,
Peace with his injured nobles made;
While hapless Sellin lost his life,
Through Reynard's guile, to heal the strife.
And hence, e'en at the present day,
The flocks are held as lawful prey,

By Isgrim's stern brood: —
On mountain's side, on hill and wold,
By day and night, in field and fold,
The Wolves still seek their blood.
Meanwhile, to grace the Wolf and Bear,
The King an entertainment fair,
To all his nobles gave; —
For twelve whole days, with mirth and song,
The court, the festival prolong,
In masks and tourneys brave.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

And now at Nobel's royal court
Were revels gay, and princely sport;
Full many a stately knight was there,
And baron bold, and ladye fair; —
And not alone to glee and game,
Four-footed lords and ladies came,
But feather'd chiefs, with each his mate,
From foreign climes, swell'd Nobel's state.
Bruno the Bear, and Isgrim,

On high, amidst that circle trim,
The place of honour fill'd;
And low each pliant courtier bow'd,
Whene'er they passed through the crowd,
For so the Monarch will'd.

II.

Now, jest and merriment abound,
And minstrels play their blythest round,
While knights and dames in giddy maze



Reynard and the Coney. Reinke und das Caninchen

And sportive circle, dance the hays: —
 And ever with the dawning day,
 King **Nobel's** heralds haste away,
 To bid new guests appear:
 In pairs they come, a goodly sight; —
 Urging their journey day and night,
 They troop from far and near.
 But **Reynard**, conscious still of wrong,
 Sought not to join the festal throng; —
 Within his tower he lurking lay,
 Or prowld around, in search of prey,
 Without remorse or fear.

III.

Meanwhile, the royal palace rang,
 With minstrel notes and beaker's clang;
 Rich food, and wine in ample tide,
 The sewers for the guests provide: —
 Within the lists, in tourney gay,
 Strove gallant knights the livelong day; —
 To aid the dance and song, the lute
 And psaltery, were never mute,
 While seated in their place of pride,
 The King and Queen the revels eyed.
 Seven happy days had past away,
 In noble games, in sport and play,
 And on the eighth, within his hall,
 The Monarch held high festival,

 His consort by his side;
 And round him all his noblest peers, —
 When sudden cries invade his ears,
 And all distain'd with blood and tears,
 The Coney 'fore the throne appears,
 And thus in anguish cried: —

IV.

"Great King, and every noble chief!
 I come to you to seek relief
 And vengeance, for a bitter wrong,

Done by **Reynard**, that faitour strong. —
 Last night, 'twas at the seventh hour,
 I chanced to pass his lonely tower,
 And saw him by the portal stand,
 In pilgrim guise, with book in hand: —
 I deem'd the evening prayers he read,
 So as I past, my greeting said,

 And hasten'd on my way;
 He follow'd straight, yet still I thought
 That he in courtesy but sought,

 My greeting to repay.
 But he, without a moment's pause,
 Fix'd in my neck his pointed claws,

 And bore me to the ground;
 Hardly I scaped with life I trow,
 For from his fierce and spiteful blow,

 I bear this ghastly wound;
 And as I strove his grasp to clear,
 The villain tore away an ear,

 As all may plainly see! —
 Bethink thee Sire, that day by day,
 Thy bidden guests are made his prey,
 And maim'd or slain on the highway,
 For wanton cruelty."

V.

He'd ended scarce, when there arose
Mercknau the Crow, to state his woes,
 Who cried: "Attend, O mighty King,
 And list the hideous tale I bring! —
 For grief and ruth, I scarce can speak,
 Methinks my faithful heart will break,
 Ere I the horrid deed can tell,
 Which this unhappy morn befel. —
 As I, with **Scharfenebb'** my dame,
 Upon the moor at daylight came,
 We found **Reynard** upon the heath,
 Stretch'd out, sans motion, life or breath,
 As corse long dead he lies!

His tongue hangs from his gaping jaws,
Stiffen'd in death seem limbs and paws,

Inverted are his eyes!

I felt his head and breast, but not
A sign of life was there I wot, —
Grieved for his loss, and with my mate,
Lamented his unhappy fate,

And course so early run. —

My wife meanwhile, draws near his chin,
And listens if perchance within,

Some sign of life remains;

When snap! — her head is off, and he
Bounds from the earth, and makes at me, —

Thus he repays our pains! —

And but that I have wings at need,
My fate had also been to bleed,

In that unhappy hour; —

But to a neighbouring tree I flew,
And there with tears of rage must view

The wretch my wife devour: —

Such was his hunger's furious rage,
Her corpse seem'd hardly to assuage

His eager lust for food. —

He ate her flesh, and e'en her bones,
While I look'd on with bitter groans; —
And when he'd gone, I sought the place,
But of my wife could find no trace,

Save feathers smear'd with blood. —

And these, I lay before thy throne,

As witness of the deed; —

O hear a hapless husband's moan,

And grant redress with speed: —

For he who bears the sword in vain,
Nor seeks misdoers to restrain,

Is partner in their guilt! —

And 'twere a scandal to thy crown,
Thine honour, and thine high renown,

Should guiltless blood be spilt,

Thine high safe conduct set at nought,
And justice still be vainly sought."

VI.

Now when the Coney and the Crow,
Had told at length their tales of woe,

In wrath King *Nobel* spoke:

"Now by the truth we owe our wife,
These deeds shall cost the knave his life,
And our dread vengeance long shall be,
Held in our vassals' memory! —

Our high safe conduct broke —

Our laws despised, our subjects slain,
Our former grace display'd in vain! —

Ah, well we now perceive,

Too lightly we believed his tale,
And let our consort's rede prevail,
Pardon'd his crimes, and let him roam,
To go as he averr'd, to Rome —

Tis useless now to grieve! —

Nor well I wot, the first am I,
That woman's words have caused to sigh.
He ever was a rogue in grain,
And while he lives will so remain; —
But now my Lords, we council crave,
How we may treat this rebel slave,
For if we should assail his tower,
He fain must yield him to our power."

VII.

With secret glee the Wolf and Bear,
Had heard the angry Monarch swear,

Vengeance on *Reynard's* head;

And hoped their day of reckoning nigh,
Yet ventured upon no reply; —

For well they fear'd if they should wage
An ill-timed speech, King *Nobel's* rage,

And held their peace through dread.

At length the Queen took up the word,
And trembling, thus address'd her lord: —

"Dread Sire, thou shouldst still beware
Of passion's gust, nor lightly swear
An oath, which haply in the end,



Requies auct. Hickman. Pinckney auct. Hickman.

May little to thine honour tend.
 Think wisely on the proverb old,
 'One tale is good, till t'other's told!' —
 For well I wis were **Reynard** here,
 But few complainants would appear; —
 Nor is it just to speak the ban
 Against an unheard, absent man.
 The Fox, as wise and sage I held,
 Both in the council and the field,
 And deem'd 'twould to thy profit be,
 To save him from the fatal tree: —
 For though his life may not be good,
 Still his advice is ever shrewd;
 And then his race, throughout the land,
 Are high in honour and command. —
 Therefore O King, hear either side
 Ere thou dost judge, and then provide,
 That whatsoe'er thou mayst decree,
 Forthwith, shall executed be."

VIII.

Then quoth the Leopard: "Sire, we hear
 So many speak, it might appear
 Unjust, if we should now refuse,
 A right which is in common use. —
 For let the Fox say what he will,
 What matter? — thou canst hang him still! —
 Such are my thoughts, and well I ween,
 So think these nobles and the Queen."
 Replied the Wolf: "To me 'tis clear,
 If **Reynard** would but venture here,
 And could this double charge disprove,
 Of old ones we have quite enough,
 To hang him ten times o'er!
 Have you forgotten how our lord
 He fopp'd, about a fabled hoard,
 And countless fictions more? —
 Upon mine own complaints I'm dumb,
 And spare your patience till he come,
 Which may be long first, — for 'tis plain,

He's at his former tricks again; —
 Murders and robs on the highway,
 And bolder grows from day to day: —
 Therefore I hold, that with a power,
 We go to seek him in his tower. —
 If he intended to appear,
 No doubt he would ere now be here;
 His absence, every one may see,
 Arises from contumacy."

IX.

Quoth **Nobel**: "We'll no longer wait
 The coming of this reprobate! —
 Be ready all, in six days' space,
 Equipp'd with halbert, axe, and mace,
 To follow us, for we intend,
 Of these complaints to make an end.
 Our knights, well proved in many a field,
 Shall lend their aid with lance and shield,
 And the vile traitor rue the day
 That Malepart sees our array."
 With high acclaim and warlike cry,
 The attendant chieftains made reply,
 And swore to win the day, or die.

X.

But **Grimbart** heard with heavy heart,
 The vow to conquer Malepart;
 And scarcely was the council o'er,
 When issuing from a postern door,
 He ran as fast as he could go,
 To warn his kinsman of the foe. —
 And as he took his secret way,
 In sad self commune, thus did say: —
 "Ah me, ah me! mine uncle dear,
 Thy course is well-nigh run I fear: —
 Chief of our race, who deftly still
 Could foil each foe with ready skill,
 And still couldst shift, and turn, and wend,
 To serve thyself, or eke a friend; —

Ah, who shall stand before the throne,
To plead our cause, when thou art gone!"

XI.

Lamenting thus his uncle's fate,
He came before his castle gate,
And found sly Reynard seated there,
Plucking a young and tender pair
Of doves, which he had lately caught,
As first to use their wings they sought;
He greeted Grimbart, frank and free; —
"Welcome, my dearest friend!" quoth he,
"Thou seem'st in haste — what news from court?" —
"Bad!" cried the Badger, "for in short,
The Monarch's rage exceeds all bounds,
He breathes but slaughter, blood, and wounds,
And in six days, his vassals meet
In arms, to storm thy last retreat. —
Sir Isgrim, and eke the Bear,
King Nobel's highest favour share,
Their wishes now are almost laws,
So it goes badly with thy cause: —
The Wolf has dared to brand thy name
Once more, with theft and murder's stain; —
He's high in favour, and thou'lt see,
That he ere long, will Marshal be. —
To make things worse, the Crow and Coney,
Against thee, both bear testimony;
And shouldst thou fall in Nobel's hands,
I fear thou'lt lose both life and lands."

XII.

"Pshaw!" Reynard cries, "if that be all,
They ne'er shall storm my castle wall; —
Let King and council swear their fill,
Yet when I come among them, still,
Thou'lt find, I'll bend them to my will —
So let that pass! — I've something here,
Shall help to mend our evening cheer;
A pair of doves, prime, fat, and young,

Whose flesh will melt upon thy tongue,
Their very bones are soft and good,
And taste like mingled milk and blood.
The vesper meal should still be light,
My wife's of this opinion quite —
Come in, she'll greet thee, never fear,
But speak not of what brought thee here;
'Twill grieve her sore that we must part,
Mere trifles she takes much to heart; —
For in the morn I'll go to court, —
Say, may I count on thy support?"

XIII.

Quoth Grimbart: "Yea, with goods and life!"
Reynard replied: "In times of strife
We seldom meet so firm a friend,
Nor shalt thou rue it, in the end!"
Return'd the Badger: "Boldly go
Before the King, confront each foe —
Plead thine own cause, sans shame or fear,
He's pledged thy tale at length to hear.
The Queen and Leopard both have pray'd,
That final judgment may be stay'd,
Until thy full defence is made." —
Rejoin'd the Fox: "That 's all I ask,
Nor will it be a fearful task,
To turn King Nobel's wrath away,
And make him credit all I say!"

XIV.

So now they enter'd Reynard's house,
Were kindly welcomed by his spouse,
Who brought forth household fare;
While Reynard deftly, as behoves
The courteous host, divides the doves,
And gives to each a share: —
The shares 'tis true were rather small,
And doubtless they'd have eaten all,
Had half a score been there.
The supper over, still they sat



H. Leutemann pinxt

A. H. 17. 18. 19.

Grimbart's Summons Grimbart's Sending.

Around the board in friendly chat,
 When Reynard cried: "Well, Nephew dear!
 What think'st thou of my children here? —
 They will increase our ancient race,
 And truly, both are lads of grace;
 One stole a hen the other day,
 T'other a pullet brought away, —
 Good chips of the old block are they.
 They know to featly dive and rise,
 The duck or plover to surprize;
 And when I've taught them to beware
 The huntsman, hound, and fatal snare,
 They oft shall hunt to mend our fare.
 Meanwhile, they're of the proper sort,
 And though 'tis yet but seen in sport,
 At their opponents' throats they fly,
 And quickly they must yield or die: —
 It joys my heart to see them play,
 They have the true born foxes' way."

XV.

Quoth Grimbart: "Thou mayst well have pride,
 To see such children by thy side,
 They're youths of promise, and will be
 An honour to our family." —
 "Thanks!" cried Reynard, "and now 'twere best
 Methinks, that we should go to rest,
 Our friend must weary be." —
 And so upon the floor they lay,
 On fragrant beds of new-mown hay,

And soundly slept the hours away;
 All but sly Reynard, he
 Lay there, revolving in his mind,
 How his new schemes must be combined,
 And new lies wove, his King to blind.

XVI.

He rose with morning's earliest ray,
 And to Dame Ermelein did say:
 "Good Wife, my words attend!
 Grimbart hath brought me a report,
 Which makes it needful that to court,
 I now my footsteps wend;
 But have no fear, e'en should I stay
 Beyond my wont — cause of delay
 May hap, for ought I know;
 What'er thou hear'st, still think the best,
 Guard well my tower, and for the rest,
 All will go well I trow."
 Cried Ermelein: "I find it strange,
 That thou so soon thy mind shouldst change,
 Last time thou wast in fearful strait,
 And now I tremble for thy fate!" —
 Quoth he: "My danger was not small,
 But varied fortunes oft befall,
 On life's uncertain ways; —
 Enough, I've business there to do,
 But straightway will return to you,
 And that ere many days."

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

And now the pair without delay,
Towards the palace took their way;
But as they journey'd o'er the moor
Where **Reynard** had confess'd before,
He cried: "My friend, come weal or woe,
To face mine enemies I'll go; —
And why I know not, but I feel
That this time it will lead to weal.
Meanwhile, since last I was absolved,
I've been anew in sin involved; —
So now again I will confess
My lapses into wickedness,
Together with another crime,
Forgotten on the former time." —

II.

"'Twas through the artful rede I made,
That hapless **Bruno's** back was flay'd,
And both the Wolves must barefoot go;
I fopp'd the King and Queen also
About a store of gold, which ne'er
Existed in the world, I swear! —
Through me too luckless **Lampc** bled,
And by **Sellin** I sent his head
To court, where all the blame he bore,
And doubtless had to pay the score.
The Coney too I put in fear
And pain, and tore away his ear; —
With right the Crow for vengeance cries,
I ate his wife before his eyes: —
And all these sins, I grieve to say,
Have been committed since the day
When last thou my confession heard,
And shrove me free by sign and word.

But now a tale I'll tell to thee,
Which then escaped my memory;
And though the sin may not be great,
'Tis best the whole I should relate." —

III.

"It happen'd on a certain day,
That with the Wolf I took my way,
Between **Kackiss** and **Elverding**,
('Twas upon business for the King);
When we espied a Mare and Foal,
Both were as black as any coal; —
The latter, as I well could guess,
Might be some four months old, or less;
And **Isgrim**, who day and night
Hath still a quenchless appetite,
Begg'd me to seek the Mare, and try
For gold or goods, the Foal to buy; —
So straight I went, quoth I: 'Dame Mare,
Thou hast a pretty youngster there,
Its form and colour please me well,
Art thou inclined thy Foal to sell?' —
She answer'd: 'Truly Sir, for gold
The Foal is to be bought and sold,
And on my hinder hoof is writ
The sum that must be paid for it!' —
The trick I mark'd, and cried: 'Good Dame,
I ask but in another's name,
Who truly sent me here to deal —
Sir **Isgrim's** my principal,
And I am but a simple wight,
Who never learn'd to read or write.' —
'Well, let him come himself,' quoth she,
'The writing on my hoof to see!' —

IV.

"I went, and thus my story told, —
 Quoth I: 'The Foal is to be sold,
 Its price is also written fair,
 Upon the hind foot of the Mare; —
 It passes my poor wit indeed,
 Yet thou mayst the inscription read.' —
 'Read!' cried the Wolf, 'I fain would see
 The writing that is strange to me!
 At Erfurt I have studied long,
 And know full many a foreign tongue;
 'Fore learned doctors of the laws,
 I've read my theses with applause,
 And long since taken my degrees,
 As doctor of both faculties. —
 Therefore remain, and I will go
 And soon the riddle solve I trow.'" —

V.

"Away he went to ask the price,
 And got his answer in a trice; —
 'The Foal's for sale, and here in proof,
 Its price is written on my hoof!' —
 'Well, let me see!' quoth *Isgrim*,
 And straight she held it up to him:
 With iron it was newly shod,
 And six sharp nails, which mark'd the sod,
 Projected from the shoe: —
 These *Isgrim* for letters took,
 And bent with eager eyes to look,
 When thwack! — she struck him on the head,
 And Master Wolf lay there as dead,
 A piteous sight to view.
 Away the Mare and youngster scour,
 While *Isgrim* at least an hour
 Lay senseless on the spot:
 At length he raised him from the ground,
 And howling like a beaten hound,
 Bewail'd his luckless lot." —

VI.

"I now approach'd him: 'Friend!' quoth I,
 Prithee what means this hideous cry? —
 How went thy bargain for the Foal —
 Thou hast not sure devour'd the whole,
 But doubtless saved for me a piece,
 Who help'd thee to the savoury feast? —
 No answer! — Tell me now I pray,
 What did that strange inscription say?
 Its meaning thou hast learn'd, no doubt,
 So let me know what 'twas about!' —
 'Forbear thine ill-timed jests!' cried he,
 'A heart of stone might pity me; —
 That long-legged mare on either foot,
 A cursed iron shoe hath got,
 And as the inscription I would see,
 She struck with all her might at me: —
 Nails were the letters that I found,
 And every one hath left a wound!' —
 To say the truth, the wretched wight,
 Was in a lamentable plight;
 And 'twas a wonder, by my fay!
 He did not meet his death that day." —

VII.

"And now, fair Nephew, I have told,
 All my transgressions, new and old;
 My bosom I have clear'd within,
 So pray absolve me from my sin,
 And shrive me from my guilt."
Grimbart replied: "With grief I see,
 Laden with sin thou comest to me,
 With deeds of wrong and treachery,
 And blood that thou hast spilt;
 Yet, as no man can wake the dead,
 And urgent danger threatens thy head,
 So, be thine absolution said —
 Thy hopes on high be built: —
 For well I warn thee that to court,
 Thine enemies in crowds resort,

And Lampre's head which thou didst send,
Will to thy condemnation tend; —
And it can be that thou wilt pay
Right dearly for thy jest that day."

VIII.

"Not so," quoth Reynard, "not a hair!
And he who through the world would fare
At ease, can't keep himself so pure,
As can a cloister'd monk, be sure. —
Lampre seduced me too, I swear! —
His person look'd so plump and fair,
As he kept springing here and there,
That I fell into Satan's snare. —
And Gellin — but thou well hast said,
That no man can awake the dead,

So let them rest in peace. —
Meanwhile, to speak of other things,
We live in times when even kings,
Princes, and prelates, to the rest,
Afford examples most unblest,
Which truly never cease." —

IX.

Is there a man who doth not see,
Our Monarch steals as well as we;
While that which royal avarice spares,
Is taken by the Wolves and Bears.
Is there a priest who dares to raise
His voice in these degenerate days,
To speak the truth before the great,
Or brand the vices of the state; —
Not one, they rather share the spoil,
Wrung from the humbler subject's toil.
Should one complain, as well might he
Tell to the wind his misery;
For what a stronger hand hath ta'en,
The weaker ever seeks in vain.
Our Lord and King, the Lion high,
Still claims it as his royal right,

To revel at his people's cost,
And wins, whatever may be lost —
Calls us his loving subjects still,
And flays us at his royal will; —
And his we are, at least I wis,
That what is ours, ere long is his." —

X.

"Yet more, this our anointed King,
Loves ever most, who most doth bring,
And dances as he's pleased to sing,
As daily may be seen:
And now the Wolf and Bear again,
Are foremost in the royal train,
Ill fares the land, I ween.
They rob and plunder as they will,
And he believes their stories still;
While all the others silent stand,
And share whatever comes to hand,
Such are the magnates of the land. —
Should Reynard but a pullet steal,
The cry is gallows, cord, and wheel; —
And petty rogues must meet their fate,
While greater villains rule the state.
I own, that when these things I see,
The example is not lost on me,
And oft the selfsame way I take
With others who their fortunes make;
But conscience wakes and stings at times,
And then I rue my many crimes;
But faith! ere long it sleeps once more,
And I'm no better than before.
For little doth he gain at best,
Whose life is purer than the rest;
And in this age of calumny,
The best are not from censure free.
As for the crowd, they to a man,
Will blame their betters where they can; —
Good deeds are past unnoticed by,
But bad ones blazon'd to the sky,

From mouth to mouth each rumour flies,
And truth is mingled oft with lies: —
Thus few deserve they should obey
Just rulers, or a milder sway.” —

XI.

“The world is full of treachery,
Of lies, deceit, and perjury;
Of prophets false, and hypocrites,
Of robbers, murderers and cheats; —
Where two examples may be had,
The many always choose the bad,
And cry: ’Tis good for priests to teach;
But let them practise as they preach!” —
And thus like apes, they imitate
The vices they profess to hate.
The clergy it is true might give
Better examples how to live;
Nor shameless do as they’re inclined,
As if the laity were blind.
In Lombardy, ’tis even said,
An almost married life they lead,
And rear their sons and daughters too,
As openly as laymen do; —
For their advantage ply each art,
And play throughout the fathers’ part.
They too, forgetting whence they spring,
Yield place to none in anything;
But take the foremost rank as free,
As though they were of high degree.
In former times, this priestly brood,
In small respect or reckoning stood;
Yet now they boldly take their stand,
As lords and ladies in the land.
But wealth can many wonders do,
And now in every land we view,
The clergy tolls and taxes raise,
And own the mills and villages.
The blind thus lead the blind to stray
Still further from God’s holy way;

And good example, when ’tis found,
Is seed that falls on stony ground.” —

XII.

“Yet hear me! — He who ’s basely born,
No man on that account should scorn;
Discreetly let him bear his lot,
And be his origin forgot; —
For no man ’s good or bad by birth,
’Tis his own deeds must stamp his worth.
An honest guardian of the fold,
In honour and respect I hold;
But a bad priest must ever be
A curse to the community.
Vain must his sermons ever prove,
Nor can he e’er his hearers move,
For still the laity will say:
‘The pastor first should lead the way! —
He ever bids us give, to win
God’s grace, and pardon for our sin; —
While he, our offerings at the shrine,
Expend on costly food and wine,
On women, or on raiment fine. —
His mind is set on worldly things,
What matters what he says or sings?’ —
A virtuous priest will daily strive,
To keep the Christian faith alive
Among his flock, recall the stray,
And lead them in the proper way;
And by a good example given,
Conduct them to the gates of heaven.” —

XIII.

“Some priests there are, who lurk around,
Wherever wealth is to be found;
Who beg on every pretence,
And never fail in eloquence; —
These love with wealthy men to feast,
And should but one be asked as guest,
He brings another, who again,

Brings half a dozen in his train.
 In cloisters too, I grieve to say,
 'Tis flattery bears each prize away;
 He who can talk, still rises higher,
 As custos, rector, guardian, prior,
 While better men are set aside: —
 And then their greediness and pride! —
 At meals, where all should justly share,
 Some feast — the rest have lenten fare; —
 While some at nights must sing and pray,
 And watchful wear the hours away,
 The others never break their rest,
 And feast and banquet on the best.
 More might I say of the legates,
 The abbots, provosts, and prelates,
 Of beguines and nuns, also —
 Enough! — why need I further go? —
 The cry of all in this sad time,
 Is: 'Give me yours and leave me mine!'
 And few, scarce seven, are to be found,
 Who by their orders' rules are bound: —
 Thus mens' respect doth fall away,
 From church and clergy every day."

XIV.

"Friend!" quoth Grimbart, "I find it strange,
 That thou shouldst from thy subject range,
 O'er others' sins to make thy moan,
 When thou hast plenty of thine own.
 What are the clergy's faults to thee,
 Be they of high or low degree? —
 Let every man his burden bear,
 And strive to do his duty where
 His duty calls him — this I trow,
 Beseemeth all men, high and low,
 The clergyman and layman too.
 Yet faith! the things that thou dost speak,
 Might almost make one heretic: —
 Thou shouldst thyself confessor be,
 And I and others, come to thee

To learn thy wit, for thou art sage,
 And knowst the failings of the age;
 Hast keen and subtle intellect,
 Both to observe and to reflect;
 Which we might often find of use,
 For most of us, are but obtuse."

XV.

As thus with talk the way they cheer,
 At length the palace walls appear;
 But ere the royal halls they greet,
 Martin the Ape, they chance to meet;
 Who even then from court had come,
 And journey'd on his way to Rome.
 With friendly words he greets the pair,
 Salutes his cousin Reynard fair,
 And cries: "Have courage gentle friend,
 When things are worst, they're sure to mend!"
 Then in the way of social chat,
 Asked him of this and then of that.
 Quoth Reynard: "Fortune thwarts me still,
 And faith! at court my cause goes ill;
 Those thieves, the Coney and the Crow,
 Have raised some new complaints I trow;
 One 's lost his wife, as it appears,
 And t'other, one of his long ears;
 Yet, if the King will hear my tale,
 Little their stories may avail. —
 By far the heaviest stroke of fate
 Is, that I'm excommunicate,
 On Isgrim's account, whom I
 Help'd from his monastery to fly; —
 Long have I rued the deed, for he
 Is now my greatest enemy. —
 Should I betake myself to Rome,
 And leave my family at home,
 No doubt they'd suffer from his spite
 And rancour both by day and night; —
 Besides I've other foes, who still
 Seek opportunities of ill;

The provost too, who hath the thing
In hand, is mighty with the King.
Ah, were I freed from this affair,
Lightly the others I could bear;
At court with confidence appear,
Nor doubt my character to clear."

XVI.

Replied the Ape: "To Rome I go,
And there can aid thy cause I trow;
As bishop's clerk, in faith and deed,
I know the course that must succeed,
And in the end am quite secure,
Thine absolution to procure; —
Nay, I will manage that thy foes,
Their labour and their gold shall lose.
My uncle Simon, there is high
In station and in dignity,
'And he will ne'er refuse his aid,
To those by whom his fees are paid.
With Schalkefund right well I stand,
Doctor Greiszu will lend a hand;
And Losesund hath influence rare,
Which Wendemantel too doth share: —
All these I reckon mine, for I
Have sent the gold their aid to buy.
I know the manners of the place,
He who hath gold, will still find grace;
While he who's poor, will seek in vain,
The slightest justice to obtain. —
So have no fear because thou'rt bann'd,
The matter I will take in hand,
And set thee free, thou hast my word,
From all the penalties incurr'd." —

XVII.

"To court thou now mayst boldly go,
And there my wife Dame Rückenau
Can give thee aid, for well I ween,
She 's loved by both the King and Queen.

Good sense hath she, and wit at will,
And loves to help her kinsmen still;
With her thou'lt find her sisters twain,
Who 'll gladly aid thy cause to gain,
As also will my children three
And others of our family; —
For when opposed to foemens' might,
'Tis not enough to have the right.
Should all these fail, straight let me know,
My secret power I then will show; —
The kingdom — woman, child, and man,
I'll place beneath the papal ban;
So stern an interdict I'll lay,
That priests shall neither sing nor pray,
In churches bell nor organ sound,
Nor dead men lie in holy ground,
Child be baptized, nor bride be blest; —
So cousin set thy heart at rest!" —

XVIII.

"The Pope is old and weak, and now
His words are scarcely listen'd to; —
Cardinal Ohn'genüg' holds sway,
In all things, clerical or lay;
A young and lusty man is he,
Of rash resolve, and manners free,
And loves a dame, who understands
Her interest, and to his hands,

Will my petition bring: —
What'er she wishes, still is done,
Who wins her smile, his suit is won.
His clerk Johannes Partey too,
Loves golden coins, both old and new,
And every precious thing;
His comrade Gorch'genau, I'm bold
To say, may still be bought and sold,
While Wendundschleid, the notary,
Will do his best for those who pay.
Moucta and Donatus, hight
The judges who decide the right;

And when they have their sentence spoken,
The word is said, the staff is broken." —

XIX.

"Thus many things occur at Rome,
Which ne'er before the Pontiff come;
And gold and friends, can still procure
Remission of thy sins, be sure.
As for the rest, have thou no fear,
Trust me the King thy tale will hear;
For in his heart the Monarch knows,
I if need be, will interpose. —
Besides, full many of our race,

Hold in his secret council place; —
This cannot fail to aid thy cause,
Howe'er thou mayst have broke the laws." —
Quoth Reynard: "Take my thanks I pray,
Dear Cousin, for thy words this day,
With lighter heart I now can go
Before the King to meet each foe; —
And shouldst thou free me from the ban,
I'll pay thy kindness when I can. —
They now took leave, and Reynard straight
With Grimbart sought the palace gate,
His banded foes once more to meet,
Before the regal judgment seat.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

When Reynard in the palace stood,
And view'd the foes who sought his blood
Assembled there in full array,
His courage changed into dismay;
But still in outward mien, he bore
Himself as proudly as before.
Grimbart, who mark'd his uncle's fear,
Spoke words of comfort in his ear,
Quoth he: "There is a proverb old —
'Dame Fortune ever loves the bold';
But he who shrinks when danger's nigh,
The fickle deity will fly!" —
"Thanks gentle friend!" the Fox replied,
"Thy words new courage have supplied;
And I will hope some future day,
Thy loving kindness to repay."
But now, as Reynard gazed around,
Small was the countenance he found; —
Nobles were there of high degree,
Related to his family;

But he could scarcely hope their aid,
For he in former times had made
War upon all, especially
The Otters and the Beavers, he
Had robbed and treated cruelly; —
Yet still there were among the crowd,
Some nobles who his claims allow'd.

II.

Reynard knelt down before the throne,
And there in grave yet humble tone,
Spoke thus: "May He who all things knows,
On thee and on thy noble spouse,
His blessings pour, and grant thee still,
Wisdom, to know the good from ill! —
For in this age of wickedness
And outward seeming, who may guess
The right from wrong, save He alone,
To whom our inward thoughts are known.
Ah! would to God, on each man's brow,
His secret deeds were written now; —

Then wouldst thou in the record see,
I ever have been true to thee! —
Mine enemies I know assail
Thine ear, with many a lying tale;
And seek by such vile means to prove
That I'm unworthy of thy love; —
But well thy sense of justice I
Have proved, and on that rely."

III.

The courtiers all in wonder gazed,
At **Reynard's** confidence amazed;
And quickly small and great drew near,
The better his defence to hear.
"Ah Wretch!" in rage King **Nobel** cried,
"Think not by fluent words to hide
Thy caitiff deeds, too oft I've heard
Thy stories, and believed thy word; —
Thou'rt true to me it seems! — I trow,
That both the Coney and the Crow,
A comment on that text can show. —
This were enough! but treason is thy trade,
From all sides daily new complaints are made,
And now the measure's full — yet why my breath
Waste upon such as thee? — prepare for death!"

IV.

Now **Reynard** thought within his heart:
"Would God, I were at Malepart! —
But as I'm here, 'tis plain that I
Must either win the cause or die." —
Then thus he spoke: "Great Potentate!
Thy will is law, thy word is fate,
Yet, if thou think'st that I deserve
To die, permit me to observe,
Thou hast not view'd the case with thy
Famed wisdom, and impartial eye. —
My council oft in former days,
Thou'st honour'd with thy meed of praise;
And oft my life I've risk'd in war,

While others held themselves afar;
Who now, would fain usurp my place,
And rob me of thy love and grace.
Think'st thou if guilty, I would dare,
To thus in open court appear; —
Or brave mine enemies' worst spite,
Were I not conscious of the right? —
When **Grimbart** brought me his report,
And urged me straight to come to court,
I spoke with **Martin** o'er a plan,
To free me from the papal ban,
And he advised that I should come;
Promised meanwhile to go to Rome,
And take the whole affair in hand; —
Such matters he must understand,
For he full seven years has been
A bishop's advocate I ween; —
So here I came, to find that I
Am overwhelm'd with calumny." —

V.

"First, that false loon, the Coney hight,
Hath in my absence shown his spite; —
Let him stand forth, now I am here,
And soon his falsehood shall appear.
He and the Crow, who near him stands,
Have both had favours at my hands; —
The other morn, I sat before
My house, and read the Matins o'er,
When he appear'd, with bow profound,
And stated he to court was bound,
Adding the way was long, and he
Was both fatigued and hungry.
With friendly words, I begg'd he'd stay
And eat, ere he resumed his way; —
He thank'd me, and the board I spread,
At once with butter, fruit, and bread,
For it was Wednesday; and as meet
On fast-days, flesh I never eat. —
When he had done; as it appear'd,

My youngest son the table near'd,
 Lured by the fruit, for children will
 When others eat, be craving still; —
 And would have pilfer'd, when the guest,
 All rules of courtesy transgress'd,
 And struck the child so hard that he
 Fell down, and wept right dolefully; —
 Too sharp a punishment I ween,
 Was this, for such a trifling sin.
 My other son, a forward wight,
 Enraged to see his brother's plight,
 Straight at the Coney made a bound,
 Seized him, and threw him on the ground.
 The strife I ended soon in sooth,
 And straight chastised the forward youth;
 Yet, if the Coney has been hurt,
 'Tis scarcely more than his desert." —

VI.

As for the Crow, he came to me,
 And mourn'd his evil destiny;
 His wife he said was dead, and she
 Had kill'd herself by gluttony; —
 A fish with all its scales, she ate,
 And thus provoked the stroke of fate.
 Now, he asserts I did the deed —
 And prithee how could I succeed?
 When she had wings at need, and I
 As all the world knows, cannot fly; —
 If there 's a murder in the case,
 Be sure that he best knows the place
 Where it occur'd, — why should not he
 Have done the deed, he'd fix on me? —
 Whoever charge me with ought,
 Let proper witnesses be brought;
 First let him prove what he doth say,
 And then the penalty I'll pay! —
 Should this not please him, here I stand,
 To prove my right by the strong hand;
 With mine accuser, if my peer,

My faith and honour I will clear
 In equal lists and open fight,
 And there, may God defend the right! —
 This is a custom known to all,
 And by it I will stand or fall."

VII.

With wonder all the courtiers heard,
 How boldly Reynard took the word; —
 The Coney and the Crow amazed,
 In fear and sad confusion gazed;
 And daring not a word to say,
 Forsook the court, and went their way.
 But once without, in wrath they said:
 "May curses light upon his head,
 The base deceiver — fight in faith!
 Nay, that were but to seek our death.
 We know his knavish tricks of old,
 Cunning at once is he and bold;
 And were we five, instead of two,
 We still might the adventure rue.
 In words, the villain too has got
 The upper hand, he knows we've not
 A single witness we can bring,
 To prove our stories to the King: —
 So let us make no longer stay,
 But bear our losses as we may."

VIII.

The Wolf and Bear, saw with dismay
 Reynard's accusers take their way,
 To leave the royal court; —
 Meanwhile, the Monarch spoke aloud:
 "If there be any in the crowd,
 Of all who here resort,
 Who would complain of Reynard's wrong,
 Let him come forth from out the throng,
 For here the culprit stands! —
 Where is the numerous array
 Of those who clamour'd yesterday,



The Man and the Donkey *Der Mann und der Esel*

H. Kosterman del.



For justice at our hands?"

Quoth Reynard: "Faith! now I am here,
Not one complainant dares appear;
Those sorry knaves, the thievish Crow,
And Coney false, are gone I trow,

Nor will they soon return:

'Tis ever thus! — the vile and base,
Still shun their injured victim's face;

And thou O King, mayst learn,
How dangerous 'tis to give an ear
To lies, which oft like truth appear,
But which thou still shouldst spurn."

IX.

"Hear me, thou man of blood and lies,
Thou traitor vile!" King Nobel cries,
"Tell me, what urged thee whilere
To slay the good and gentle Hare,
My letters who was wont to bear? —
Did I not pardon all thy crimes,
Forget the wrongs of former times,
Give scrip and staff into thine hand,
And speed thee to the holy land? —
Hoping that when thou turn'd thee home,
With better'd heart and mind thou'dst come.
And well thy course thou didst begin! —
Seduced the simple wight Sellin,
To bring the scrip I gave thee back,
With Lampe's head within the sack. —
In scorn thou didst this bloody deed,
But now the crime shall have its meed; —
Sellin hath paid the penalty,
And the same fate awaits on thee."

X.

Reynard seem'd wilder'd with surprize,
In well feign'd horror, raised his eyes,
And cried: "Is Sellin really dead? —
What tale is this of Lampe's head? —
Ah me, a woeful wight am I,

Robb'd, wrong'd, and cheated shamefully!
With them I have a treasure lost,
Jewels of rarity and cost,
Such as in all the world, I ween,
Since its foundation, ne'er were seen;
Which by the pair I sent to thee —
Was e'er such horrid treachery! —
Who could have thought Sellin would dare
To rob his King, and slay the Hare? —
Henceforth, in no man more I'll trust,
All, all, are treacherous and unjust!"

XI.

No more the Monarch heard, he rose
In wrath and scorn, and forth he goes,
To seek his consort's bower:
Determined he would not believe,
The fable Reynard sought to weave; —
And that the false and cruel wight,
Should to a shameful death be dight,
And that within the hour.

But with his spouse, King Nobel found
The female Ape, for wit profound,
Shrewdness, and eloquence renown'd;

Who high in favour stood,
Both with the Monarch and his Queen,
For ever had her council been
Approved as wise and good.
Full soon the shrewd Dame Rückenau
Observed the cloud on Nobel's brow;
And sought to lull the storm to rest,
Which raged within the Monarch's breast,
And calm his angry mood.

XII.

"Dread Sire," quoth she, "if in thy rage,
Thine humblest servant dares to wage;
A word, impute it to the zeal,
I ever for thine honour feel.
Sir Reynard, whatso'er he be,

Is of my blood and family;
 And as at court he hath appear'd,
 'Tis fit that his defence be heard.
 His father too, in days long gone,
 Aided thy sire to mount the throne;
 Yet still by envy was assail'd,
 But each malignant charge repell'd;
 And at his court held place as fair,
 As those at thine, by Wolf and Bear; —
 Who, in my judgment, sooth to say,
 Are his inferiors every way."

XIII.

The King replied; "Canst thou pretend,
 The deeds of Reynard to defend? —
 He murder'd Lampe but of late,
 Was the vile cause of Bellin's fate,
 And now with shameless front denies
 His crime, and without measure lies. —
 Nay, since his pardon last I spoke,
 Again hath my safe-conduct broke;
 And from all sides, complaints arise,
 Of murders, thefts, and robberies!" —
 Quoth she: "The Fox hath foemen base,
 Who strive to bring him to disgrace; —
 With whom his real offence I wot,
 Is having sense, which they have not, —
 'Tis envy prompts their tale:
 They know he oft gives council good,
 While they stand dumb as logs of wood; —
 Examples need not fail! —
 He judg'd the Man's and Serpent's cause,
 And won thereby thy loud applause,
 And approbation high;
 While all the others stood around,
 And shook their heads in doubt profound,
 And dull perplexity."

XIV.

The King rejoin'd: "The case I know
 Was doubtful, — 'tis some time ago,

And I remember, as it were,
 But indistinctly the affair; —
 So, if thy memory be good,
 Relate the matter as it stood." —
 Return'd the Dame: "The story I
 Will tell unto your Majesty: —
 It happen'd on a certain day,
 (Two summers since have flown away),
 Here to the court a Dragon came,
 And cried for justice in thy name,

Against a certain Man;

Who, though he twice had lost his cause,
 Refused obedience to the laws;
 And though in logic fairly beaten,
 Still made objections to be eaten; —
 'Twas thus his story ran: —

XV.

"As through a hedge, the Serpent crept,
 He fell into a snare,
 And long he struggled, raged, and wept,
 But no relief was there:
 At length a Peasant came that way,
 And humbly did the Serpent pray,
 That he would pity his sad fate,
 And aid him in his hapless state. —
 'I will!' replied the Man, 'if thou
 Wilt make to me a solemn vow,
 No scathe or harm shall come to me,
 On thy part, after thou art free.'
 The Serpent took the oath required,
 The Peasant gave the help desired;
 And then the couple took their way,
 Along the road, in company: —
 But soon the Snake feels hunger's stings,
 And without more ado, he springs
 Upon his comrade good;
 Who scaped the danger by a bound,
 And to the Serpent turning round,
 Spoke thus, in angry mood:

'Say, is it thus thou keep'st the vow,
Made to me in the snare but now? —

Who e'er such treason saw! —
'Alas!' the Serpent cried, 'I grieve
I must thy confidence deceive;

But hunger owns no law!' —
'Well!' quoth the Man, 'is such the case,
Yet spare me for a little space,
Until some travellers appear;
And they shall both our stories hear,
And judge in truth and equity,
The question between thee and me.'"

XVI.

"So 'twas agreed, and forth they set,
And *pluck'beutet* the Raven met,

With *Quackeler* his son:
The Serpent put the question straight,
And he pronounced the Peasant's fate
Must be to die — the hopeful pair,
Thought in the spoil to have a share,
Whene'er the deed was done.

The Serpent now rejoiced, and cried: '
'Thou seest the right is on my side!' —
'Not so!' replied the Man, 'the laws
Allow not one to judge the cause; —
Let four or ten, the case decide,
And by their judgment I'll abide.' —
The Serpent was content, and they
Again together took their way,
Enter'd a forest's shades, and there
They came upon the Wolf and Bear. —
The Man now stood alone 'gainst five,
And little hoped to scape alive;
For with the Ravens, they agree,
In favour of the Serpent's plea,
That nought can bind necessity." —

XVII.

"The Man protested still, he cried:
'Shall such as these my fate decide? —

As thieves and robbers they are known,
No, I appeal unto the throne!' —
'Well,' cried the Wolf and eke the Bear,
'Thou'lt meet with the same judgment there!'
For doubtless both these sordid elves
Thought all the court were like themselves.
So now before thy throne appear,
The Man, the Serpent, and the Bear;
The Ravens twain, and *Isgrim*,
Who brought two hungry sons with him,
Call'd *Eitelboud* and *Rimmerfatt*,
Who bore themselves so rudely, that
Thou straight forbadeest they should resort,
In future, to thy royal court.
The Man relates the kindness he
Had done unto his enemy,
The Serpent owns the welcome deed;
But pleads his hunger and his need.
Thou heard'st the tale on either side,
But doubted how thou shouldst decide;
Thy council too were not agreed,
The greater part of them indeed,
Took part against the Man, for they,
Hoped doubtlessly to share the prey.
Reynard was summon'd in this strait,
Thou badest him speak the words of fate; —
But he replied: We'll view the ground
Where first the Man the Serpent found;
That done, I have no cause to fear,
But that the matter will be clear!" —

XVIII.

"So all the court went forth, and there,
The Snake was placed within the snare,

While *Reynard* judged the cause: —
'Thus stood they ere the strife began,
Neither the Serpent nor the Man

Are wrong before the laws! —
The Man again stands free to choose,
If he will let the Serpent loose,

Or go in peace his way: —
 This seems to me to be the right,
 If not, let any other wight,
 A better judgment say!
 Dread Sire, thou then wast pleased to raise
 Thy voice on high in Reynard's praise;
 His sentence charm'd thy council too,
 The Peasant thank'd thee, and withdrew.
 All said the Bear and Asgrim,
 Were dullards when compared to him; —
 'Tis true they were of use in war,
 For they were fear'd both near and far,
 And better could not be employ'd,
 Were anything to be destroy'd.
 Their size and strength they here display,
 But faith! upon the battle day,
 When humbler wights in front appear,
 One often finds them in the rear.
 Such are the ruin of the land, —
 They to a house would set the brand,
 Nor care who perish'd there, I trow,
 Could they but warm them at the glow.
 But Reynard, and his race I hold,
 In council wise, in battle bold, —
 My warning therefore take:
 Let Reynard live to serve thee still.
 Nor heed these idle tales of ill,
 His enemies awake;
 For such a wight of wisdom rare,
 In times of need thou ill canst spare,
 So let him still thy favour share,
 If but for thine own sake." —

XIX.

The King replied: "Thy council kind,
 Be sure that I will bear in mind; —
 The cause too I remember well,
 Which 'twixt the Man and Snake befel: —
 The knave is shrewd, I must admit,
 Hath wisdom rare, and subtle wit;

But faith! a greater rogue than he,
 Hath never been, and ne'er will be.
 His word can never be believed,
 Who trusts him ever is deceived; —
 Wolf, Bear, and Cat, Coney and Crow,
 Have each a separate tale of woe,
 Have lost an ear, or eye, or wife,
 And 'tis a wonder on my life!
 That thou for such a wretch canst plead,
 Whose crimes, all villanies exceed
 Of which I e'er heard tell!
 Rejoin'd the Dame: "His family,
 Are high in wealth and in degree,
 I prithee mark me well!
 And shun if thou art truly wise,
 To make such men thine enemies."

XX.

The Monarch to the hall again
 Return'd, where waited all his train,
 And mark'd how all of Reynard's race,
 Had gather'd round the judgment place;
 Nobles of rank and fame were they,
 Although their names 'twere hard to say;
 While rank'd as if prepared for strife,
 Stood those who sought for Reynard's life.
 Then spoke the King: "Sir Reynard hear!
 Tell me what tempted thee whilere.

The timid Hare to slay,
 And send his head to me in scorn; —
 Hath ever King such insult borne? —
 But thou shalt rue that day!
 Wellin hath had his treason's meed
 And thou shalt suffer for the deed."

XXI.

"Ah woe is me!" the Fox replied,
 "Was e'er such wretched wight;
 Oh, would that I long since had died,
 Or never seen the light!

I sent thee jewels by the pair,
 Of priceless worth were they, and rare,
 As e'er on earth hath been;
 Which Sellin doubtless set aside,
 And slew the Hare, his theft to hide,
 Was e'er such traitor seen!" —
 Sly Reynard ceased his wail, but now
 Arose the wise Dame Rückenau,
 And said: "Are they above the ground,
 The jewels surely may be found! —
 Let strict inquiries be made,
 The clergy too may give their aid;
 So prithee now describe at large,
 What thou to Sellin gav'st in charge." —

Quoth Reynard: "Ah, I fear in vain
 Are hopes these jewels to regain; —
 Who hath them, doubtlessly will try,
 To keep them in security! —
 How shall I meet Dame Ermeltn,
 Who disapproved of my design,
 Of sending by the Ram and Hare,
 Things of such value, and so rare.
 And now my foes complain of me! —
 But when the King shall set me free,
 I'll wander forth from place to place,
 Till I have found the treasure's trace;
 And will regain it, though the strife,
 Should cost me wounds, or even life."

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

"Great King!" sly Reynard thus began,
 "O deign to hear an injured man,
 And I'll describe the jewels rare
 I sent by Sellin and the Hare;
 And they alone must bear the blame,
 If thou hast not received the same." —
 Quoth Robt: "Well, say forth thy say,
 But make thy story short I pray!" —
 Resumed the Fox: "Fortune and fame
 Are gone, and blighted is my name;
 Yet now I'll tell what things of cost,
 By Sellin's treachery were lost." —

II.

"The first bright jewel was a ring,
 Which I had destined for the King; —
 Of purest gold the hoop was made,
 On which, with wondrous skill inlaid,
 Strange Hebrew characters were seen,

Whose meaning few might read I ween,
 Or mystic sense declare;
 But Master Abrion of Trier,
 A Jew, whose learning all revere,
 Who hath made foreign tongues his own,
 And knows each plant and precious stone,
 I show'd this jewel rare. —
 Quoth he: 'These letters are a spell,
 Brought forth, as ancient legends tell,
 By Seth, from Paradise;
 When he the Oil of Mercy sought; —
 With many a secret charm 'tis fraught,
 Known only to the wise. —
 Who wears this ring will never know
 Damage from frost, or fire, or foe;
 Nor pest nor plague, can do him harm,
 Nor lightning's bolt, nor witches' charm.' —
 Upon the circlet's outer round,
 A glittering carbuncle was found; —
 A wondrous stone, whose brilliant light,

Shone like a taper in the night,
 Making all things that near it lay
 Appear distinctly as by day.
 Its virtues, so the Master told,
 Were great, 'gainst poison, fire, and cold;
 Who bore this gem upon his hand,
 Might journey safe through every land;
 Through flames might pass; through water wade,
 And conquer foemen by its aid.
 The sick it instantly made whole,
 Nor fail'd its influence on the soul;
 Envy and hate it could allay,
 And rage and rancour turn away.
 Enough! — this precious jewel I
 Took from my father's treasury;
 Yet ventured not myself to wear
 A gem so costly and so rare,
 Thinking a ring of so much worth,
 Should grace the noblest upon earth,
 So sent it to your Majesty,
 In whose wise breast all virtues lie,
 And whose paternal care we thank,
 For life and honours, wealth and rank."

III.

"Two precious things, as e'er were seen,
 I sent by *Sellin* to the Queen: —
 A comb and mirror, wondrous rare,
 Few others might with them compare;
 For shouldst thou search the world around,
 No better works of art were found.
 How often did my wife implore,
 That I might add them to her store! —
 But I resolved that they should be
 A present to her Majesty; —
 Whose royal breast all virtues grace,
 Which may adorn the highest place;
 And oft hath deign'd a word to speak,
 To cheer the humble and the meek. —
 Noble is she, of lofty birth,

Worthy the choicest gifts on earth;
 Which I alas! in evil hour,
 Trusted within a traitor's power." —

IV.

"First of the comb! — the artist's toil,
 Had formed it from the Panther's spoil;
 A noble beast, in India found,
 Near the lost Eden's holy bound; —
 Its skin is bright with varied hues,
 Its breath, the air around imbues
 With rich perfume, — the scented gale,
 All other beasts crowd to inhale;
 For by wise instinct taught, they feel,
 This perfume can all sickness heal.
 Of this beast's bone the comb was made,
 Richly with gold and gems inlaid; —
 As new-fall'n snow, 'twas pure and white,
 Like silver, polish'd, clear and bright;
 While odours issued from the bone,
 Sweeter than cloves or cinnamon.
 For when the animal is slain,
 Its virtues still its bones retain;
 Hence their sweet scent, and hence have they,
 The power to drive disease away."

V.

"On the comb's back was graved with care,
 Full many an image fine and rare,
 Enamell'd round with cunning skill,
 In azure, sable, and vermeil.
 There might be seen the Phrygian boy,
 The beauteous *Paris*, Prince of Troy;
 What time three tenants of the skies,
 Unveil'd before a mortal's eyes,
 And bade the astonish'd youth declare,
 Which might the palm of beauty bear.
 First *Juno* spoke: 'Fair youth!' quoth she,
 'If thou the prize wilt give to me,
 Boundless shall be thy wealth and store,

All that thine heart can wish, and more.
 Cried Pallas: 'Is the apple mine,
 Might, power, dominion shall be thine;
 Thy name be dreaded through the land,
 And nations bow at thy command.' —
 'What is wealth, and what is power?'
 Venus cried, 'attend to me,
 Mistress of the softer hour,
 And more blest thy lot shall be.
 What to thee is wealth or treasure?
 Thou art born a Monarch's son,
 Yield to me, the Queen of pleasure,
 And fair Helen is thine own.'
 So Paris gave to her the prize,
 And own'd her fairest in his eyes;
 While she in turn, did aid him to betray
 King Menelaus, and Helen bear away. —
 These carvings were in high relief,
 And underneath was wrote in brief
 But curious wise, that all might see
 And understand the history." —

VI.

"As for the mirror — sooth to say,
 A fairer never saw the day;
 Instead of glass, a beryl fair
 Reflected all things, far or near; —
 Nay, objects many a mile away,
 Were seen distinctly, night or day.
 Yet more, such was its wondrous power,
 That spots or wrinkles, from the hour
 In which they were reflected there,
 Would fade away, and disappear: —
 No wonder I lament the day,
 That such a gem was stol'n away!
 The frame, that round the mirror stood,
 Was form'd of a most precious wood,
 Hight Scthem, dearer far than gold;
 From which, King Atompardes did mould
 A magic horse, of wondrous power,

'Twould bear its rider in an hour
 A hundred miles, I ween! —
 The story I'll not tell at length;
 But such a horse for speed or strength;
 Hath never since been seen." —

VII.

"The mirror's frame was broad and fair,
 Adorn'd with many a carving rare; —
 Beneath, in characters of gold,
 Each pictured story's tale was told.
 The first was of the envious Steed,
 Who fain would match the Hart in speed;
 But failing, to a Man did cry:
 'Friend! a fat Hart is hid hardby;
 Mount thou my back, and thou'lt be sure,
 A welcome booty to secure!' —
 The Man consents, and now they take
 Their way through bramble, bush, and brake;
 But soon the Horse begins to tire,
 No more he feels his former fire,
 And to the rider cries:

'Dismount my friend, we'll rest a space,
 And then again renew the chase!'

But straight the Man applies
 His pointed spurs, and cries: 'Not so! —
 I am thy master, thou must know;
 Go on, I say! or thou shalt feel,
 The force of bridle, whip, and steel; —
 At thy request I mounted thee,
 But to descend depends on me!' —
 Thus was the Horse to thralldom brought,
 While he another's ruin sought: —

The moral all may see!
 Full oft the bolt by Envy sped,
 Returns on the assailant's head,
 In shame and misery." —

VIII.

"Next, carved on the mirror's bound,
 Was seen the tale of Ass and Hound; —

Both by a wealthy Man possest,
 By whom the latter was caress'd;
 Allow'd to share his house and bed,
 And daily from his table fed;
 With other favours, not a few,
 For which the Hound had nought to do,
 But fawn, and lick his master's hand,
 Or fetch and carry at command.
 All this, the Ass with envious eyes
 Perceived: 'What can it mean?' he cries,
 'That still the master will prefer
 To me, that idle, useless cur. —
 Within a day more work I do,
 Than he in all the year, I trow;
 Sacks must I bear, and burdens draw,
 Lie on the earth, and feed on straw,
 While he is fed on costly dishes,
 And revels in the loaves and fishes.
 The cause of this must doubtless be,
 He's favour'd for his flattery; —
 Yet, why should I not do the same,
 And thus my master's favour gain?' —
 Anon, the master passes by,
 When straight the Ass, with hideous cry
 And uncouth gambols, on him flew,
 Just as the Hound was wont to do; —
 O'erthrows him in an instant's space,
 And braying licks his hands and face.
 The master roars in wrath and fright:
 'Help, help! this beast is frantic quite!' —
 Straight issuing at their patron's cry,
 The zealous grooms their cudgels ply;
 And while their blows unnumber'd fall,
 The Ass is driven to his stall. —
 The moral here methinks is plain,
 An Ass, must still an Ass remain;
 For place a fool above his station,
 To rule the state, or serve the nation,
 His folly in such lofty place,
 But tends the more to his disgrace;

While they who envy others' gains
 Deserve the cudgel for their pains." —

IX.

"Have patience still, great Potentate,
 While I another tale relate;
 Which on the mirror's frame was seen,
 In carved reliefs, and letters sheen.
 It show'd my Sire, what time he made
 League with the Cat, and was betray'd; —
 For they a mutual oath had sworn,
 Comrades to be for evermore;
 On high adventures take their way,
 And share the danger and the prey.
 Short space the compact held I ween,
 For soon a hunters' band was seen,
 Who with loud halloo, urged a pack
 Of furious hounds upon their track.
 Quoth ~~Sire~~ ^{Sire} then, in anxious fear:
 'Is there no place of refuge near?'
 Replied my Sire: 'Remain with me,
 And thou a thousand wiles shalt see,
 Which in the end, I will engage
 Shall baffle all their spite and rage!' —
 'I have but one!' the Cat replies,
 And straightway to a tree he flies;
 Where he from every harm secure,
 Left his poor comrade to endure
 Alone the perils of the chase; —
 Nay, mock'd him from his lurking place.
 'Cousin!' he cried, 'put forth thy speed;
 Of all thy wiles thou now hast need,
 For if thy wit should fail thee now,
 Thou'lt be in sorry case, I trow!' —
 Fast fled my Sire, but faster still,
 O'er field and meadow, plain and hill,
 The fearful pack pursue:
 In vain he doubles on the track,
 On his own footsteps turns him back,
 Then springs aside, with desperate bound;
 Near, and more near, both horse and hound,

With every moment drew.
 His last resource — but need I tell,
 What every hunter knows full well,
 A Fox will do at need?
 Enough! — he now with lighter foot,
 Could foil his enemies' pursuit,
 And fly with greater speed.
 Thus, left by him he trusted most,
 My father's life was all but lost;
 And but by chance a hole he found,
 And so took refuge underground,
 Sad would have been his lot.
 Many such friends we find in life,
 Who fly in times of need or strife;
 As *Hjinn* did, the sorry knave, —
 Tis true, the crime I half forgave;
 But never have forgot."

X.

"Also upon the mirror's rim,
 Was carved a tale of *Ægrim*,
 How kindness was repaid by him.
 As once upon a certain day,
 Across a heath he took his way;
 And, as I scarcely need relate,
 Was in his usual hungry state,
 A Horse's skeleton he saw,
 And eagerly began to gnaw
 The bones, but fed with so much haste,
 That one stuck in his gullet fast.
 He sent for doctors, but in vain,
 Their efforts but increased his pain;
 Until one day he met the Crane,
 And promised him a handsome fee,
 If he would ease his misery.
 The proffer'd gains at length induce,
Lütke, to put his bill to use,
 And trust his valued head within,
 The fearful jaws of *Ægrim*.
 The surgeon's part is now enacted,
 The venture made, the bone extracted,

While the Wolf cries in rage and pain:
 'Thou hurt'st me, do it not again!' —
 'Tis done!' the Crane exclaims in glee,
 'And now, I'll thank you for my fee!' —
 'How,' cries the Wolf, 'what impudence!
 A fee indeed, on what pretence?
 Did I not suffer thee to draw,
 Thy head uninjured from my jaw? —
 If payment in the case must be,
 Methinks 'tis you should pay to me!' —
 Thus, in the world we every day,
 See men with evil, good repay." —

XI.

These tales, and more which I could name,
 Were carved on the costly frame,
 While golden ornaments around,
 Fill'd up the mirror's ample bound.
 The workmanship was passing fair,
 Inlaid with pearls and jewels rare;
 Therefore I held it still to be,
 Too rich for one of my degree,
 So sent it to her Majesty

In token of my love.

Ah me! how grieved my children twain,
 Who wish'd the mirror to remain; —
 It pleased them well, with arch grimace,
 And playfully distorted face,

Its mimic powers to prove.

Little I deem'd that *Lampe's* head,
 Would to the court be brought instead,

Woe worth the luckless day!

Sellin, I ever held to be

An honest wight, and friend to me,

Mine anguish who shall say!

Perchance within this circle stands

The wretch, who laid his guilty hands

On *Lampe's* life, but let him fear,

His crime will one day be made clear,

Conceal it as he may." —

XII.

"Well may I guess what cares weigh down
 The head that wears a royal crown,
 That weighty matters, day by day,
 Must lead thy memory astray;
 Else wouldst thou know how once my sire,
 Banish'd thy father's sickness dire. —
 'Tis true thou wast but three years old,
 'Twas winter time, and bitter cold; —
 The Monarch felt the season's power,
 His case grew worse each day and hour,
 And every leech 'twixt Rome and here,
 In haste was summon'd to appear.
 Among the rest my father came,
 Already he was known to fame; —
 And on the mirror, carved well,
 Was seen the tale, which now I tell.
 He came, the patient's water saw,
 Felt thoughtfully the royal paw,
 And thus at length, laid down the law:
 'My gracious Liege!' quoth he,
 'Wouldst thou be freed from all thy pains,
 Only one course for thee remains; —
 The liver of a Wolf to eat,
 Warm from the body, fresh, and sweet,
 That seven years old should be." —

XIII.

"The Wolf, who happen'd to be near,
 Was little pleased this rede to hear;
 Sullen and silent there stood he,
 Dumb as a wooden effigy.
 'Thou hear'st Sir Wolf,' observed thy sire,
 'The article that I require! —
 Nor can as loyal man refuse,
 To give thy liver for my use.' —
 'With joy, great Prince!' the Wolf replied,
 (His countenance his words belied),
 But all my days, if fairly told,
 Will make me scarcely five years old.' —

'Nonsense!' my father cries, 'we'll see!' —
 Bring but the liver here to me,
 And in a minute's space I shall
 Know if it be medicinal.
 So to the kitchen he was ta'en,
 His liver brought, and not in vain,
 As many here can tell;
 Thy father ate with appetite,
 Past a most comfortable night,
 And in the morn was well." —

XIV.

"For this great cure, my father still
 Was honour'd with the King's good will;
 And evermore, by royal decree,
 Was styled physician, and M. D.,
 And stood upon the King's right hand,
 In scarlet cap and golden band,
 A wealthy, honour'd peer.
 But now his memory lost and gone,
 A different fate attends his son; —
 Gone are the virtues which should grace,
 High station and a lofty place,
 Ne'er to return, I fear! —
 Servants are now to masters grown,
 The poor 'neath their oppressions moan;
 Justice is meeted out and sold,
 All things may now be had for gold,
 And 'Give!' is still the cry: —
 Such greedy knaves are never loyal,
 They seek but to enjoy the spoil;
 And like the Wolf, would scarce afford
 Their livers, though to save their Lord,
 But rather let him die.
 And yet it were small loss I ween,
 If twenty such should give
 Their livers, so our King and Queen,
 In health and joy might live; —
 For never since the world hath stood,
 Hath evil seed produced good. —

The Wolves and the Men. A. H. Hays. 1870.



All this no doubt, for many a day,
 Hath from thy memory past away;
 But on my mind 'tis stamp'd as well, —
 As though it yesterday befel. —
 This story too, with care emboss'd,
 Adorn'd with gold and gems of cost,
 Upon the mirror stood; —
 To find it once again would I,
 With joy risk life and property,
 Yea, every earthly good."

XV.

"**Reynard!**" cried **Nobel**, "I have heard
 Thy speech at length, and mark'd each word. —
 It may be, that in former days,
 Thy sire's good deeds procured him praise;
 But many a year since then hath flown,
 To me his person was unknown,
 And howsoever great his fame,
 In sooth, I never heard his name
 Till now, in all my life: —
 Would it were so with thine! — each day,
 Complainants come in long array,
 With tales of blood and strife.
 These may be but malicious lies,
 Old tales, and idle histories,
 Which hate and envy raise:
 Yet, would I fain one story hear,
 Which flattery's self could make appear,
 Conducive to thy praise."

XVI.

Rejoin'd the **Fox**: "Forgive great **King**,
 If to thy memory I bring
 A deed which thou wast pleased to own,
 A grateful service to the throne. —
 Far be it from me to upbraid
 My **Prince**, with having claim'd mine aid,
 'Tis but my duty, day and night,
 To serve him with mine utmost might;
 But thou must sure remember well

The tale, which with thy leave I'll tell.
 It chanced, that **Isseggrim** and I,
 Had taken from a farmer's sty,
 A well-fed swine, when thou camest by; —
 Spoke of thy need, and deign'd to say,
 Thou with thy **Queen**, wouldst share our prey.
Isseggrim murmur'd in his beard,
 So that his answer scarce was heard;
 But I replied: 'Thy will is mine!
 Say, which of us shall share the swine?' —
 'The **Wolf!**' saidst thou, and **Isseggrim**
 Pleased that the task is left to him,
 Takes half unto himself;
 A quarter each he gives to thee
 And thy good **Queen**, and as for me,
 One half the lungs is all he spares,
 Except indeed the nose and ears; —
 Thus dealt the sordid elf! —
 Thy part, great **Monarch**, quickly went,
 Where all swines' quarters go;
 But he upon his meal intent,
 Mark'd not thine eager glances sent,
 Nor saw the frown of discontent,
 Upon thy royal brow.
 Sudden thy fearful paw was raised,
 It fell upon his pate;
 Bleeding, bewilder'd, and amazed,
 He saw his fault too late: —
 Howling he fled, while thou didst shout:
 'Take that! thou sordid, shameless lout,
 Must thy **King** fast, while thou hast meat?
 Hence, bring us quickly more to eat,
 Or dread our kindled wroth! —
 And when again thou sharest the prey,
 Learn to respect thy **Monarch's** sway, —
 Hence caitiff, hie thee forth!' —

XVII.

"My **Lord** and **King!**" I humbly said,
 'Permit that I may lend mine aid!' —

Thou wast content, and so to look
 For further spoil, our way we took;
 While *Afgreim* bemoan'd his fate,
 His bleeding scalp and hapless state.
 Yet still I urged him to the chase,
 Ere long, we found our booty's trace,
 And caught a calf, thou found'st it good,
 Commanded me to share the food,
 And added many a word of praise,
 On my good speed and wily ways.
 'My Lord!' I cried, 'one half is thine; —
 The other half, as I opine,
 Goes to the Queen — each inward part,
 The lungs, the liver, and the heart,
 Thy royal sons may claim; —
 The head, a morsel fat and sweet,
 Is the Wolf's share, and mine the feet,
 Thus I divide the game!' —"

XVIII.

"Thou wast well pleased my Lord, and cried:
 'Who taught thee *Reynard*, to divide
 The spoil, in such a courteous way?
 Tell me at once his name I pray.' —
 'He 's not far off my Lord,' I said,
 'My friend here with the bleeding head,
 By his example' taught me straight,
 To share the game, yet scape his fate.'
 Thus did the Wolf receive the meed
 Due to his selfishness, and greed;
 And if thou deign'st to look around,
 Many such caitiffs may be found,
 Who seek for plunder, night and day,
 Taking thy vassals for their prey; —
 Devour alike both friend and foe,
 Nor ruth nor mercy ever know: —
 Woe to the city or the land,
 In which wolves gain the upper hand!' —"

XIX.

"Such services, my gracious Lord,
 It oft hath joy'd me to afford,
 For all I have, hath ever been,
 At service of my King and Queen. —
 This story of the calf and swine,
 May show the Wolf's deserts and mine;
 Yet now he holds a high command,
 As thy vicegerent in the land; —
 With *Bruno*, ever hath the word,
 While I and others, scarce are heard.
 'Tis true my foemen, in thine eyes,
 Have soil'd my name with calumnies;
 But thus I answer: Is there here,
 One who will openly appear,
 To charge me with a crime;
 And pledge his property or life,
 Against mine own, in open strife; —
 Here stand I, ready for the fray,
 Either upon the present day,
 Or on a future time!" —

XX.

Then spoke the King: "Howe'er that be,
 The course of justice I leave free,
 As I have ever done! —
 Truly, it is suspected still,
 Thou didst the hapless *Campe* kill,
 Whom much I loved, and whose sad fate,
 Hath grieved me more than I can state,
 Yet what avails my moan? —
 Thy service done in former days,
 I now recal with thanks and praise;
 And for its sake, forgive thy crimes
 Against our state, in later times, —
 Pardon and set thee free.
 Still, if there should be any here,
 Who would complain, let them appear,
 Bring witnesses to back their cause,
 And if the Fox hath broke the laws,
 He pays the penalty!"

XXI.

Quoth **Reynard**: "I cannot express
 Mine innate joy and thankfulness;
 But 'twas with heavy heart, I swear!
 I parted from the Ram and Hare;
 As if I felt, that luckless day,
 Evil would happen by the way;
 And still to say farewell was loth,
 For fervently I loved them both."
 Thus **Reynard** by his falsehoods vile,
 Again the Monarch did beguile,
 The court was silenced or deceived,
 And all his stories were believed.
 Longing to see the things of cost,
 Which **Reynard** swore the Ram had lost,
 King **Robert** cried: "Leave grief and pain,
 And seek the jewels to regain; —
 Go and inquire both near and far,
 And shouldst thou find out where they are,
 And need our power to gain thy right,
 Rely upon our royal might."

XXII.

Cried **Reynard**: "Mighty King and Lord,
 Thy gracious words new hopes afford! —
 Thy duty 'tis to give redress,
 And theft and murder to suppress,
 Which have been practised on the Hare;
 But let the culprits have a care,
 For I will journey night and day,
 Nor spare inquiries by the way,
 To find out where the treasures lay! —
 The place once found, if I'm too weak,
 Without delay thine aid I'll seek

To gain them, and the task complete,
 Will lay them at thy royal feet." —
 This pleased the King, who now in spite
 Of reason, own'd sly **Reynard** right;
 His lies had such an air of truth,
 That all men were deceived in sooth;
 And he, thanks to his eunning art,
 Had gain'd permission to depart.

XXIII.

But **Isgrim** now strove in vain
 Longer his fury to restrain,
 And cried: "Great Monarch! can it be
 Thou sett'st this knave at liberty,
 Who triply hath thy grace abused,
 Thy subjects murder'd and misused;
 And now upon a false pretence,
 Hath won again thy confidence? —
 No, by my fay! he scapes not so; —
 As flagrant traitor thou shalt know
 This lying knave, whom I defy
 In open fight the cause to try.
 A three-fold charge, I now will bring
 Against this caitiff, mighty King! —
 And though 'tis said, who would accuse,
 Must faithful witnesses produce;
 Yet would that aid the case I pray? —
 Though they should speak the live-long day,
 He'd throw some doubt on what they say! —
 And who can still a witness call,
 To everything that may befall? —
 The knave shall not depart, till he
 Has answer'd for his crimes, to me!"

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

Now *Isgrim* began anew,
 And said: "O King, wouldst thou review
 The life of *Reynard*, thou wouldst see,
 'Tis one long course of treachery; —
 He ever was a knave, tis plain,
 Is so, and still will so remain! —
 E'en now he dared with shameless face,
 To libel me and all my race;
 And he hath ever been to me,
 A base and cruel enemy." —

II.

"Wrongs hath he done me by the score,
 My wife hath even suffered more;
 For once upon a winter's day,
 As through a marsh they took their way,
 He said he'd teach her how to fish,
 And take as much as she could wish.
 Charm'd by his words, the silly fool
 Went with him to a freezing pool;
 And there the shameless villain taught her,
 To seat herself beside the water;
 Assuring her, fish would not fail,
 To hang in dozens to her tail.
 The frost was keen, and in a trice,
 Her tail was frozen to the ice; —
 What then he did, I dare not say,
 But he shall surely rue that day,
 And for that deed his life shall pay." —

III.

"In vain the knave with crafty lies
 And sophistries, his crime denies; —
 I heard my consort's piteous cries,

I saw the deed with mine own eyes,
 And wept for rage and shame:
 '*Reynard*!' I cried, 'what dost thou there?'
 But, when he saw me drawing near,
 He fled and left the dame.

Through ice-cold water I must wade,
 With mournful heart, to give her aid;
 And though in truth I did my best,
 My efforts were not wholly blest,
 Nor could I set her free,

Without the loss of half her tail;
 Which she with loud and hideous wail,
 Left clinging to the ice — her cries
 Aroused a host of enemies,
 To mock her misery.

For quickly swarming o'er the dike,
 Arm'd to the teeth with axe and pike,

A crowd of peasants came:
 Nay, women flourish'd distaves high;
 Urging the chase with furious cry
 Of vengeance, on our track they scour'd,
 And swore their sheep we had devour'd; —

Our anguish who can name!
 One hardy wight led the pursuit,
 Strong was the knave, and light a foot;
 Well could he wield his pointed spear,
 And oft he struck us in the rear,

Our bodies reeked with sweat!
 Driven from the land on either side,
 Our only chance was now to hide
 Among the reeds that fringed the shore,
 Until the boors at length gave o'er

The chase, as daylight set.
 Thus gracious Monarch, thou mayst see,
 Of murder, rape, and treachery,

I now accuse the knave; —
I leave the matter in thy hands,
To give me, as the case demands,
The justice that I crave!"

IV.

Replied King Robert: "I have heard
At length the charge thou hast prefer'd;
And now, as meet on judgment day,
Will hear what Ricnard has to say." —
Exclaim'd the Fox: "Were this the truth,
'Twould touch mine honour sore, in sooth;
But God forbid that I should be
Guilty of such enormity! —
'Tis true that at her earnest wish,
I taught Dame Gieremund to fish,
And show'd the means that she should take,
To try her fortune in the lake;
But in her eagerness for prey,
She did not take the proper way.
Fish she had taken without fail,
Had she in time withdrawn her tail; —
That it was frozen was the meed,
Due to her avarice and greed: —
'Who would have all, must all forego!'
A well-known proverb is I trow,
And she its truth found to her cost,
When in the ice her tail she lost." —

V.

"Yet when I saw her pitcous case,
Forthwith I hasten'd to the place,
And used all efforts that could be
Of any use, to set her free.
While thus engaged, the Wolf drew nigh,
His heart inflamed with jealousy;
And used such words as 'twere unmeet
In this high presence to repeat; —
Threaten'd to tear me limb from limb,
So that I stood in fear of him,

And thought it best to run away,
And scape his rage and blasphemy.
Why should I stay to be abused?
'Twas plain his senses were confused,
And in his enmity to me,
He'd fancied what he did not see: —
Ask Gieremund, she stands before ye,
To give her version of the story! —
Soon as he mark'd his wife's sad case,
He strove to help her from the place;
Cursing the while in furious mood,
As in the freezing lake he stood. —
As for the chase, which next occur'd,
If we may trust the caitiff's word;
'Tis plain it happen'd for their good,
And served to circulate their blood,
No more they felt the cold! —
More need I say? — yet he's to blame,
Thus to attack his wife's fair fame,
And heap dishonour on her name: —
My story I have told! —
Now from thy royal grace I seek,
The formal respite of a week,
Council I fain would take;
If it be fit that I should deign,
Unto a charge so false and vain,
Further reply to make."

VI.

Now Gieremund took up the word,
And said: "Thine actions still afford,
Examples of the base and vile,
Of falsehood, treachery, and guile;
And all who to thy words attend,
Are surely cheated in the end: —
This to my cost, long since I found,
When in the well I nearly drown'd.
There, to a windlass neatly hung,
Within the depth, two buckets swung;
But how thou camest in the well,

In sooth, is more than I can tell. —
 I found thee there — it was by night,
 Lamenting loud thy piteous plight,
 And ask'd what ail'd thee — in reply,
 Thou told'st me a most shameful lie; —
 Cried: 'Aunt, come here if thou wouldst wish,
 To make a hearty meal of fish;
 For me, I am so full that I
 Am of repletion like to die! —
 Step in the pail which there you see,
 And quickly thou'lt be here with me.'
 In evil hour thy voice I heard,
 And simply trusted in thy word; —
 Sprang in the pail, and went below,
 And wondering saw thee upwards go.
 'How's this?' in wild amaze I cried,
 And loudly laughing you replied:

'Thus Fortune's wheel goes round! —
 'Tis the world's way, as thou must know,
 One rises by another's woe;
 And thus a serviee to repay,
 Is common at the present day,

As I full oft have found!
 With this remark, thou went'st thy way,
 While I remain'd the live-long day,
 In darkness, cold, and fear:
 The peasants too became aware
 By some strange means, that I was there,
 And now their cries I hear. —

Quoth one: 'The villain sits below,
 That long hath been our greatest foe;
 Whose wont it is by night and day,
 Our choicest lambs to bear away; —
 How shall we treat the knave?' —
 'Bring him aloft, and we will try
 A fitting greeting to supply!'

Replies another slave.
 Aloft I came, and God might see
 With pity, how they greeted me; —
 Blow upon blow, I had to bear,

And ne'er in all my life, I swear,
 Did I such dangers brave."

VII.

Rejoin'd the Fox: "'Twas for thy good! —
 One of us, be it understood,
 The thwacks must take, which I could spare,
 And thou art better built to bear. —
 In foresight, I was but thy tutor,
 And taught thee caution for the future;
 For by this lesson, thou mayst see,
 The world is full of treachery." —
 "Right!" cries the Wolf, "that this is true,
 In *Reynard's* actions we may view;
 And now another tale I'll tell,
 Of mischief that through him befel;
 How once in Saxony, the knave
 Sent me into a hideous cave,
 Knowing full well, my hap would be,
 To meet an evil destiny.
 Apes, dwelt within the horrid place,
 His aunt was mother of the race;
 And but in haste I took to flight,
 An ear I should have lost that night! —
 It grieved him more than he would say,
 That luckily I got away; —
 'Twas wicked spite and malice fell,
 To send me to that earthly hell."

VIII.

Cried *Reynard*, with a bow profound,
 To all the courtiers standing round:
 "Now good my lords, it really seems
 That *Isgrim* is mad; or dreams! —
 Three years ago, it now may be,
 That he set forth to Saxony;
 And I went too, to swell his state,
 For at that time his power was great,
 So far the tale is true! —
 But 'twas a Monkey, not an Ape,



H. Leutemann pinxt

W. French sc.

Gretchen am Well. Gretchen im Brunnen

From whose vile den he did escape;
 And he but says to slander me,
 That she was of my family,
 Which one day he shall rue!
 My aunt, as all the world doth know,
 Is gentle Lady Rickenau; —
 Her husband Martin, takes high place,
 Among the chieftains of my race;
 A wise and learned Ape is he,
 And eke a bishop's notary.
 But Monkeys, be they bad or good,
 Were ever strangers to my blood,
 They look like imps of hell!
 I call'd her aunt, 'tis very true;
 But I'd a certain end in view,
 And faith, it answer'd well!
 My maxim is, and still will be,
 Ever to use civility; —
 Though she may hang or drown, for me! —
 But now the tale I'll tell." —

IX.

"My Liege, it chanced upon that day,
 We sought to take a nearer way,
 And lost the path — the night came on,
 And found us in a vale alone,
 No living thing was near;
 Scgrim was as usual, ill
 From hunger — feed him how you will,
 For more, and more, he's craving still; —
 In vain we sought for cheer.
 At length a gloomy cave we spy,
 Narrow and deep: 'Good friend!' quoth I,
 'Some one 'tis certain dwells within,
 Suppose we boldly venture in,
 And ask them for relief?' —
 He cried: 'Do thou the adventure try,
 Thy coming I'll await hardby,
 For thou hast more dexterity,
 More wit, and fluent words than I;

But let thy stay be brief!' —
 So I betook me to the cave, —
 'Twas dark and narrow as a grave;
 Nor could a heavy sum repay,
 The fear I felt upon the way." —

X.

"At length, within the vault I stood,
 And saw a wild and hideous brood
 Of creatures, which 'twas plain to me,
 Must form a Monkey family.
 Upon a couch the mother lay,
 Composed of rotten straw or hay;
 And such an odour fill'd the hole,
 As sicken'd me unto the soul.
 The beast was large, and grim to see,
 Black was her hide, as black could be;
 Long were her teeth, and wide her jaws,
 On hands and feet she'd fearful claws;
 A lengthen'd tail hung down behind,
 And you might search in vain to find,
 A more displeasing dame.
 Her cubs look'd fierce, and strong of limb,
 Some were as large as Scgrim; —
 Filth smear'd their swarthy hides and faces,
 Rude were their gestures and grimaces; —
 I felt I'd been to blame
 In coming there, and sooth to say,
 Wish'd them a thousand miles away,
 Yet greeted frank and free: —
 The imps, as cousins dear I hail'd,
 The hag as aunt, and never fail'd,
 In words of courtesy." —

XI.

"'God bless all here,' I cried, 'and give
 You many happy years to live! —
 Are these thy children? — Nay, I trace
 In every form, the mother's grace,
 And joy to see our ancient race

Increase and multiply! —
 In truth, a fairer family
 Than thine, I never wish to see; —
 And every pretty prattling thing,
 Might be the offspring of a king.' —
 Of course, I did but lie! —
 Yet fair words seldom miss their aim,
 And she at once allow'd my claim,
 To near relationship;
 Call'd me her nephew, bade me stay
 And dine, in a friendly way; —
 And though I long'd to slip
 Away unseen, and breathe the air,
 For it was far from pleasant there,
 Perforce, I must remain. —
 Quoth she: 'It joys my heart to find,
 Thou bear'st thy relatives in mind;
 For thou art wise, and skill'd to teach
 The means a higher sphere to reach:' —
 With more, in the same strain.
 Meanwhile, the dame produced her store,
 Both game and fish were there, with more
 Good things than I can name:
 I ate my fill, and would begone,
 When she a piece of venison
 Pack'd up, for me to take away, —
 Chided the shortness of my stay
 With words of gentle blame;
 And begg'd when'er I came that road,
 That I would visit her abode: —
 Of course, I said 'amen!' —
 Took courteous leave, and came away,
 Glad to regain the light of day,
 And scape that frightful den." —

XII.

"Without the cave, upon the ground,
 In piteous case the Wolf I found,
 'What cheer, good friend?' quoth I:
 Cried he: 'I am in rueful plight,

And never shall outlive the night —
 For want of food I die!' —
 I gave him what I'd brought away,
 Which he devour'd, and then did say:
 'Tell me good Reynard, now I pray,
 Who dwells in yonder cave? —
 Say, was thy treatment good or bad —
 Is there more booty to be had
 Should I the adventure brave?' —
 Quoth I: 'It is a filthy nest,
 But well provision'd with the best;
 And if thou fain wouldst gain a share,
 To speak the naked truth forbear: —
 For he who still the truth will say,
 Will find life's path a thorny way, —
 Seldom will be a welcome guest,
 And oft will fast, while others feast.'
 I taught him thus, his part to play;
 But if he chose another way,
 And came thereby to blows and shame,
 He only has himself to blame.
 Such clumsy blockheads ne'er will learn,
 Wisdom and courtesy they spurn,
 And so it was with him:
 For as I begg'd the truth he'd spare,
 He answer'd: 'Friend, I am aware
 How it beseems me to behave!' —
 And so at once, into the cave,
 Went Master Isgrim." —

XIII.

"When to the inner den he came,
 He there espied the Monkey dame,
 With all her ugly cubs about,
 And taken by surprize, call'd out:
 'Good Lord, were e'er such monsters seen! —
 Never hath eye beheld, I ween,
 Creatures so frightful and so fell;
 A devil's brood, let loose from hell! —
 In mercy to the world, I pray,



Isengrim and the Monkeys Isengrim und die Mörkatzen

Ne'er let the wretches see the day; —
 To drown them were a goodly deed,
 Lest they should propagate the breed!
 The mother now broke forth, in wrath:
 'What devil bade thee cross our path? —
 Who art thou, and what brought thee here? —
 We never sent for thee, 'tis clear! —
 What is't, in Satan's name, to thee,
 If fair or foul, my children be? —
 Another guest was here but now,
 Who told a different tale, I trow!
 Reynard the Fox, and he is wise,
 Pronounced my children prodigies;
 In person fair, in manners good,
 And gladly own'd them of his blood;
 And if they seem not so to thee,
 Go forth, thou'lt find the passage free.' —

XIV.

"'Give me to eat!' was now his cry,
 'Thy curses will not satisfy
 My hungry maw; — be quick I say!
 Or I may chance to find the way,
 To where thy larder lies!' —
 He reckon'd here without his host,
 As he found quickly to his cost.
 For as he would have seized the store,
 The Monkey with an angry roar,
 Upon the caitiff flies:
 Gives him to feel her teeth and claws,
 While all the cubs make common cause,
 And bite and scratch with such fell spite,
 That he betook himself to flight; —
 Thought not upon his own defence,
 But only how to hie him hence,
 Howling with pain he fled. —
 From out the cave I saw him bound,
 His hide in tatters hung around,
 The blood ran o'er his head;
 One ear was split, on back and side,

Full many a wound was gaping wide,
 A ghastly sight to see! —
 I saw his evil case with ruth,
 And cried: 'What, didst thou speak the truth?' —
 'Of course I did!' quoth he;
 'My maxim 'tis, to speak my mind,
 However I may matters find; —
 The hag within there, took this evil,
 And set upon me like a devil,
 Ill fared I in the den! —
 But tell me, didst thou ever see,
 A more ill-favour'd family;
 Ugly and vile to a degree,
 Beyond all mortal ken?' —

XV.

"'Thou'rt surely mad, my friend!' I cried,
 'I told thee thou the truth must hide, —
 Dear aunt (thou shouldst have said);
 I greet thee fair! — my heart it joys
 To see these lovely girls and boys; —
 It pleases me in sooth, to trace
 The features of our ancient race
 On each young cherub's head!' —
 'What?' cried the Wolf, 'dost thou opine
 I'd own that hag as aunt of mine,
 Or grant that cursed pack to be
 Related to my family? —
 The devil take them all!' —
 Thus mighty King, thou seest that he
 Owed to his own stupidity,
 The ills which did befall: —
 Ask him my Liege — he stands hardby,
 If I have told a single lie,
 In this my simple history."

XVI.

The Wolf replied: "In words, I trow,
 Our strife an end will never know;

But here I stand, prepared to take
 The combat, for mine honour's sake.
 Much hast thou vaunted of the food,
 Thou brought'st me from the Monkey brood; —
 A naked, well gnaw'd bone, I swear,
 Was all the aid thou gavest me there.
 With lies, thou hast assail'd my fame,
 And robb'd my wife of her good name;
 My children too, with hellish spite
 And cruelty, deprived of sight;
 And falsely given out that I
 Conspired against his Majesty. —
 In open court, I charge thee here,
 As liar, thief, and murderer;
 And now in fair and open strife,
 Will prove these charges, life for life.
 My glove I proffer now to thee,
 As gage of open enmity,
 And call the King, and every peer,
 As witnesses, my words to hear; —
 For as I hope to live and thrive,
 Thou shalt not leave this place alive."

XVII.

Thought **Reynard**: "Faith! to fight is more
 Than I at heart had bargain'd for;
 For I am small, and he is large,
 And if in fight he proves his charge,
 My wit will scarce sufficient be,
 To save me from the fatal tree. —
 I've one advantage I must own,
 His claws can scarcely yet have grown,
 Which with his shoes, the other day,
 I from his foremost feet did flay!" —

So boldly he replied:

"Sir **Isgrim**, thou art a knave,
 A traitor, and a felon slave;
 And in the charge thou bring'st 'gainst me,
 Of murder, theft, and treachery,
 Thou in thy throat hast lied!

Poor fool! — the fight thou hast required,
 I long have earnestly desired; —

I fear thee not! — here is my gage,
 In equal lists, the war to wage,

On the appointed day."

The Monarch took the glove from him,
 As also that of **Isgrim**,

And said: "You now have to provide
 Two sureties, on either side,

The combat duly to abide: —

Who shall a judgment say?

Where charge and counter-charge appear,
 But to embarrass those who hear,

And not a whit the case to clear." —

The Bear and Cat now proffer'd bail,

Their friend and champion should not fail

On the next morn to fight:

On **Reynard's** part, Sir **Grimbart** came,

And **Martin's** son, well known to fame,

The Ape, **Monck** hight.

XVIII.

And now Dame **Rückenau** drew near,

With council fit for **Reynard's** ear:

"Nephew," quoth she, "be of good cheer,

For I can give thee aid!

Thine uncle taught to me a charm,

Of power to save from every harm; —

Abbot **Schluchau** first made the spell,

A man who loved my husband well,

And thus the prelate said:

"This prayer is good for those who go

To battle, or to meet a foe;

For fasting read, throughout the day :

Danger and want 'twill turn away,

Nor wounded canst thou be!"

This charm with morrow's dawn I'll read,

So have no fear — thou must succeed,

And win the victory." —

"Thanks, gracious aunt!" the Fox replied,



W. French sc.

Reynard Thorn. Ranke's Vorbereitung zum Kampfe.

By all means let thy charm be tried;
But my good conscience and my right,
Are the best helpers in the fight,
Whate'er the rest may be."

XIX.

Sir **Reynard's** friends remain'd awhile,
The tedious hours to beguile,
And sought to pass the time away
With gay discourse and minstrelsy.
Meanwhile, Dame **Rückcuan** with care,
Shear'd off the whole of **Reynard's** hair;
Except that on the tail, which he
Had uses for, as we shall see.
That better he his foe might foil,
She smear'd him o'er with fat and oil;
And now with joy his kinsmen found,
That plump, and round, and sleek was he;
Active withal, and light a foot,
Either for flight or for pursuit.
Then spoke the dame: "Now list to me,
And thou shalt quell thine enemy; —
Drink plentifully over-night,
For that will aid thee in the fight,
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Fly from him still, against the wind,
And raise the dust, to make him blind;
Mark when he stops to clear his eyes,
Then turn, and take him by surprize: —
Repeat this process constantly,
And thou wilt win the victory. —
And now fair nephew, to thy bower,
I'll wake thee at the proper hour;

But first, to thee I will rehearse,
The holy abbot's mystic verse." —
Straightway before her he knelt down,
She laid her hands upon his crown,
And said: "**Gaudo. straxi. falphenio.**
Casbu. gorsous. as. bulfrio.

The wondrous charm is said!"
Grimbart repeats the mystic strain,
And then the rest of **Reynard's** train,
Conduct him to his bed.

XX.

In soft repose he past the night,
And with the morning's dawning light,
His relatives appear'd;
They made him straight for battle dight,
And his impatience for the fight,
With loving words they cheer'd.
The Otter brought a duckling sweet,
And cried: "Fall to my friend and eat! —
Full many a bound I had to make,
At **Hühnerbrot**, upon the lake,
Ere I the costly prize could take." —
"Thanks friend!" the Fox replied;
"Tis a good omen for the day,
That thou so soon hast taken prey; —
May God thy kindly deed repay,
And still be on thy side!"
So **Reynard** ate and drank with glee,
And then with all his company,
Went forth upon the plain:
Enter'd the lists in gallant state,
His foeman's coming to await,
And view the hostile train.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

I.

When Reynard in the lists appear'd,
 From head to foot with oil besmear'd,
 And shorn unto the very hide,
 Loudly King Hobei laugh'd, and cried:
 "O Fox, who taught thee that? — I swear,
 In vain thy name thou dost not bear!
 For thou hast wit and cunning rare,
 And know'st thyself to aid."

Sir Reynard answer'd not, but he
 Before the throne, bow'd gracefully;
 And as for gallant knight, 'twas meet,
 Before the royal consort's seat,
 A lowly reverence made.

But now upon the battle plain,
 Sir Asgrim, with all his train
 Of relatives appear;
 Fierce was their mien, and wild their mood,
 And when within the lists they stood,
 Full many a deep and angry tone
 Of mutter'd curse and malison,
 Fell upon Reynard's ear.

II.

Forthwith, the Marshals of the field,
 On high their awful warders held,
 And 'twixt the parties stood; —
 The Leopard and the Lynx, were they
 Who held the office on that day, —
 And forth they brought the rood;
 On which aloud, Sir Asgrim
 Swore that the Fox had injured him;
 Proclaim'd him traitor, false and vile,
 Steep'd to the lips in sin and guile;

And that by aid of God above,
 He'd this upon his body prove,
 That day in open fight.
 Unto this charge, the Fox replied,
 That in his throat the Wolf had lied;
 That all his words were false and vain,
 As he in battle would maintain,
 Where God might aid the right.
 And now aloud the Marshals cried:
 "Be the ordeal of battle tried! —
 Your duty do, on either side,
 And God will for the rest provide."

III.

The lists were left by small and great,
 For no one there might longer wait,
 Save Fox and Wolf alone;
 But ere she hied her from the place,
 Dame Rückenau, a moment's space,
 Spoke in a whisper'd tone:
 "Reynard, my private council heed,
 If in the fight thou wouldst succeed!" —
 To which the Fox rejoind:
 "I heed and honour thy advice,
 As thou shalt witness in a trice;
 But from my youth, both night and day,
 I have been used to seek my prey,
 And oft have I purloin'd
 Things, taken not without fell strife;
 And if for these I risk'd my life,
 Why should I fear this knave, whom I
 Hope to repay for many a lie,
 And many a deed of spite?" —



The Combat.
Der Kampf.

But now the lists were clear'd, and all
Gazed anxious from the outer wall,
To see the promised fight.

IV.

Fiercely the Wolf the fray began, —
Wildly upon his foe he ran,
With talons spread, and open jaws;
But active Reynard did not pause,
The fearful shock to meet:
Lightly he turn'd, but as he flies,
Still draws across his foeman's eyes
His bushy tail ('twas wet no doubt),
And flings the sand and dust about,
With both his hinder feet.
Full oft before, this trick he'd play'd,
And thus in former times had made
The Wolf's cubs blind, and now their sire,
He sprinkled to his heart's desire,

Who howl'd with rage and pain:
Whene'er the Wolf was nearly blind,
Sly Reynard fled against the wind;
Then, swift as lightning, turning round,
Gave his opponent many a wound,
And saved him o'er again.

The Wolf to closer conflict rush'd,
But Reynard vanish'd in the dust,

And cried in scoffing strain:
"Aha, Sir Wolf! for many a day,
The harmless lambs have been thy prey; —
Those days are o'er I fear, for now
Thou art in other hands, I trow. —
But patience friend! — though hard to bear,
This penance will thy conscience clear,
Though black as any coal:
Try with good words to end the strife,
And I may spare thy worthless life,
In pity to thy soul!"

V.

Embolden'd by the Wolf's sad plight,
Reynard now dared the closer fight; —
Flew at the throat of Isgrim,
But he was far too strong for him,

And quickly got away:
Yet, ere he parted from his foe,
Sir Reynard aim'd a desperate blow,
With such address, and malice dread,
It tore an eye from out his head,

And furious grew the fray!
The Fox now shouted loud in glee;
But mad with rage and misery,
The Wolf rush'd on his enemy,

And hurl'd him to the ground:
Then, seizing in his fearful jaws,
One of Sir Reynard's foremost paws, —
Show'd him the fight was not yet done,
And taught him that to change his tone,
Good reasons might be found.

No other way was there to choose,
Unless indeed his paw to lose,

Which still he hoped to save; —
Meanwhile, the Wolf in hollow voice,
And wrathful words, this wretched choice,
To his opponent gave:

VI.

"Thrice perjured knave, thine hour is come,
Yield thee, or death shall be thy doom!
Vain are thine arts my rage to foil,
Though shorn, and smear'd with fat and oil,
For all thy crimes thou now shalt pay,
Through which I've suffer'd many a day. —
Yield thee at once! or though an eye
The fight hath cost me, thou shalt die!" —
Thought Reynard: "Faith! affairs look sad,
On either side the choice is bad! —
If I resist, he'll kill me straight,
And if I yield, I must await,

A recreant's vile and shameful fate,
 In truth I've been to blame!
 Too oft his faith I have abused,
 His wife and children too misused,
 And scandalized his name."

VII.

And now soft words, the rascal tries:
 "O friend and uncle dear!" he cries,
 "Gladly will I thy vassal be,
 And spend my life in serving thee.
 As pilgrim to the Holy-land,
 Straightway I'll go, at thy command; —
 Each toil and peril I will brave,
 In visiting the holy grave,
 And pardon from the Patriarch win,
 For thine and for thy fathers' sin.
 Thy slightest word, shall be my law,
 I'll hold thee as the Pope in awe;
 My sons, and all my family,
 From henceforth shall thy servants be;
 And all the booty I may take,
 I'll bring to thee that thou mayst make
 Thy choice, and eke thy sons and spouse,
 Ere I bear any to my house.
 Bethink thee, should we join our powers,
 That all within the land were ours;
 For thou art strong, and subtle I,
 Who would dare show hostility? —
 Besides, near relatives are we,
 And should not be at enmity."

VIII.

"Small wish had I to fight, I trow,
 But thou perforce, wouldst have it so! —
 Yet, I have spared thee in the fray,
 And only strove to get away; —
 Thou must have seen, throughout the fight,
 I never put forth all my might;
 Thinking 'twould to mine honour be,

To show mine uncle courtesy,
 And spare him all I could.
 To harm thine eye, I never meant,
 Believe me, 'twas an accident; —
 And by good hap, of means I know,
 To quickly ease thy pain and woe,
 And make the damage good.
 Should it by chance, continue blind,
 Still, consolation thou mayst find; —
 The loss thou wilt not rue!
 One window thou'lt but have to close,
 When thou betak'st thee to repose,
 Another must close two!
 Yet more, my friends and family,
 Shall all before thee bow the knee,
 In presence of the court.
 Intreating thee, my life to spare; —
 And I before the King will swear,
 That I know nought unto thy shame,
 But falsely blacken'd thy good name,
 With many an ill report.
 If thou shouldst kill me on the spot,
 But little wouldst thou gain, I wot,
 And still wouldst be at deadly feud,
 With all the nobles of my blood; —
 While, shouldst thou spare my life,
 Thou'lt gain renown, and friends also,
 And ne'er in future times will know
 The dread of coming strife. —
 Do as seems best to thee — for I
 Care little if I live or die!" —

IX.

"False Fox!" replied the Wolf, "I see,
 Fain from my grasp thou wouldst be free;
 But, were the world of ruddy gold,
 And thou wouldst bid it, ten times told,
 From thee I would not loose my hold, —
 Thou liar past belief!
 Thou know'st that if I trusted thee,

I never should an egg-shell see,
 Of all that thou hast promised me,
 Thou arrant, shameless thief!
 How wouldst thou mock at me, if I
 Simply believed thy ready lie; —
 Such tricks on others thou mayst try,
 Who chance to know thee not:
 Thou sayst thou spared'st me in the fight, —
 Look at my wounds, thou wicked wight!
 Is not an eye extinguish'd quite? —
 But ill shall be thy lot! —
 Full twenty gashes in my hide,
 Are at this moment gaping wide;
 And by the rood! 'twould madness be,
 If I show'd mercy unto thee: —
 Villain, thou brought'st me shame,
 Scandal and loss, and not on me
 Alone, thou practised treachery;
 But also on my dame!" —

X.

While thus the Wolf his rage exprest,
 The Fox stretch'd out his hand — the rest,
 'Tis better far, the reader guess'd —
 Enough! — the fight began again,
Isgrim how'd aloud for pain,
 And loosed his hold — the Fox was free,
 And quickly used his liberty; —
 Tugg'd, bit, and scratch'd, with such fell spite,
 That *Isgrim* in piteous plight,
 Roll'd o'er and o'er, in dust and mire;
 While *Reynard* to his heart's desire
 Worried and tore his prostrate foe,
 And work'd his utter overthrow.
 Writhing in anguish on the ground,
 And bleeding fast from many a wound;
 The Wolf despair'd to win the day,
 Gave o'er the fight, and swoon'd away.
 And now the Fox, in savage glee,
 Exulted o'er his enemy,

Dragg'd him in triumph o'er the plain,
 And challenged him to rise again.

XI.

With pain the friends of *Isgrim*,
 Saw that the day was lost to him;
 And begg'd the King to end the strife,
 And grant the vanquish'd Wolf his life.
 The Monarch yields to their request,
 And straightway at his high behest,
 The Lynx and Leopard took their way
 Into the lists, and thus did say:
 "Reynard enough! the King's commands
 Are that thou straight shalt hold thine hands,
 He wills that now the fray shall cease,
 And that thy foeman part in peace: —
 All the spectators here may see
 That thou hast won the victory;
 And 'twere a scandal and disgrace,
 Should either die upon the place." —
 Replied the Fox. With rapture I
 Haste to obey his Majesty; —
 More can I wish than victory? —
 Yet, by his leave, I fain would see,
 If to this course my friends agree.

XII.

They give assent, with loud acclaim,
 And shout in glee the victor's name; —
 In crowds into the lists they pour,
 Eager to greet the conqueror.
 The Badger, Ape, and Otter came
 With joy to share their cousin's fame;
 The Beaver, Weasel, Marten too,
 In haste to his embraces flew;
 And those who held him most in hate,
 Were foremost to congratulate.
 Many who formerly complain'd,
 Or his advances had disdain'd

Now fain would have it thought that he
Was of their kin and family; —
Nay, brought their wives, and children all,
The great, the middling, and small;
Gazed in his face with fawning eyes,
And loaded him with flatteries.

XIII.

Thus goes the world! — the fortunate,
Have ever friends to swell their state, —
Well-wishers never fail;
But in adversity, I ween,
Friends are but few and far between,
'Tis then another tale!
And so 'twas here, Reynard on high
Was praised, and lauded to the sky; —
One play'd the flute, another sang,
The drum's deep note, and trumpet's clang,
Resounded far and wide:
And thus in triumph gay, they bring
The victor Fox, before the King,
The Marshals at his side.
Here Reynard knelt, in humble guise;
But straight the Monarch bade him rise,
And then, before the circle fair
Of lords and knights assembled there,
The King spoke thus to him:
"With honour, thou hast won the fight,
And nobly proved thou hast the right; —
Therefore, at once, I speak thee free
From every charge, whate'er it be,
Preferr'd by Æscgrim!
Council we'll take as to the rest,
But till the Wolf is heal'd, 'twere best,
Methinks, to let the matter rest."

XIV.

Reynard replied: "Thy wise decree,
Great King, of course is law to me. —

Thou know'st, when first I did appear,
I stood accused before thy throne,
And that, by some now standing here,
Of crimes, which I had never known; —
This was to please the Wolf, for he
Avow'd himself mine enemy,

And sought mine overthrow.
They saw that he held lofty place,
And had thy favour and thy grace,
Therefore, they join'd him to decry
My fame, and yell'd out: 'Crucify!'
A sorry pack, I trow!
They're like those hungry dogs of yore,
That gather'd round a kitchen door;
Hoping the cook their plight might see,
And throw a bone, for charity.
While thus they gazed, another hound,
They saw from out the kitchen bound;
And in his mouth a piece of meat,
Which he had stol'n; but his retreat
The cook had mark'd — hot water thrown,
And scalded him unto the bone,

But still he kept his prize.
'Ah, ah!' the others cry, 'see, see!
Gad'zooks, a lucky dog is he,
And stands in favour with the cook,
Heavens, what a piece! — nay, only look!' —

But quickly he replies:
'My friends, 'tis not as you suppose! —
Small favour have I had, God knows,
And as you all may see!
Seen from the front, no doubt you find
My case is good; — but look behind,
And you will pity me!'

They look'd, and saw his scalded tail
And back, on which the hair did fail;
And gazed in horror and dismay,
Hung down their tails, and slunk away,
Leaving him there alone."



H. J. Frensch

H. J. Frensch

Reynard relating his adventures. Reynard erzählt seine Geschichte.



XV.

"And so 'tis with a greedy wight; —
While he has wealth, and power, and might,
He's like the dog that had the meat,
Each one lies prostrate at his feet,"

And speaks in flattering tone:
Though bad his deeds, he still has praise,
Is strengthen'd thus, in evil ways;

Till comes the reckoning day!
And then, the hairs from off his hide,
Soon fall away on either side; —
I mean his friends, who straight are gone,
And like the dog, he's left alone,

To manage as he may. —
Great King! whate'er my fate may be,
This never shall be said of me,

My words thou mayst believe!
And now, I thank your Majesty,
For all the favours shown to me,
And humbly take my leave."

XVI.

Rejoin'd the King: "I've heard thy speech,
And see the moral thou wouldst teach;
But now, as noble of renown,
I wish to keep thee near the throne;
And from this moment, I restore
Thy rank of privy councillor,
Hoping that in the future time,
Wisdom with virtue thou'lt combine.

For none of all the court, I trow,
Can shrewder council give than thou,
Or better judge a cause;
No more complaints 'gainst thee I'll hear,
But thou in future shalt appear
On the royal bench, as once of yore,
And as the kingdom's chancellor,
Shalt minister the laws.

E'en as mine own, thy word shall be,
My signet I will give to thee;

And when thy judgment thou hast spoken,
It must and shall remain unbroken,

For ever and for aye!" —

Sir Reynard, now in humble tone,
Cried as he knelt before the throne:
"Have thanks dread Sire, for all thy grace,
And for the trust which thou dost place
In me, this happy day!"

XVII.

The scribe who erst this tale did write,
Now wends him to the Wolf's sad plight;
Tells how his friends, the Bear and Cat,
In rueful council o'er him sat;
And bore him from the lists away,
Upon a litter stuffed with hay.
How learned leeches dressed each wound,
How all his hurts were salved and bound,
And twenty-six, in number found.
How some rare herb, rubb'd in his ear,
Caused signs of life to re-appear;
And how in piteous case he lay,
Stretch'd on his bed, for many a day.
His wife attended him with care,
But mourn'd the loss she had to bear,
For faith! unto their mutual pain,
He ne'er was quite himself again.

XVIII.

Meanwhile, Sir Reynard left the court,
Attended by a royal escort;
But ere he went, the King did say:
"I prithee make no lengthen'd stay,
For thy shrewd wit, and talents rare,
I ill can from my council spare!" —
Reynard again knelt down, and said:
"For blessings on thy royal head,
And on thy Queen's, I'll ever pray,
As duty bids me, night and day. —

To do thy high commands, will be
 A rapture and a joy to me;
 But now, I crave your royal grace,
 To spare me for a little space;
 That I may hie me to my house,
 And cheer my children and my spouse."
 The Monarch gave his kind consent,
 And graced with honours, Reynard went
 With cheerful step, and lighten'd heart,
 Towards his fortress Malepart.
 And many at the present day,
 To greatness rise the selfsame way;
 Reynard's descendants, still we see
 Stand high in honour and degree;
 While they who cannot reach their art,
 Must play a low and humble part.

XIX.

With forty chieftains of his race,
 The Fox now left the judgment place;
 Proudly they went, with lofty tread,
 Sir Reynard marching at their head,
 In merry mood was he!
 His tail had now grown long and broad,
 His enemies were foil'd and awed,
 His friends were full of glee.
 The King's high favour he'd obtain'd
 His place in council had regain'd,
 And to himself he said:
 "My fame and fortune now are great,
 And those I love shall share my state,
 My foes, my power may dread; —
 But in my heart, I'll ever hold,
 Wisdom as better far than gold!"
 So forth his band he led.

XX.

With mind elate, and spirits gay,
 To Malepart he took his way;

And thank'd with kindly word and deed,
 All those who help'd him in his need;
 Declaring their good aid should be,
 Imprinted on his memory.
 They now took leave, and Reynard straight
 Betook him to his castle gate,

To greet Dame Ermelcin:
 Who gave him welcome kind and good,
 And begg'd he'd tell how matters stood,
 Quoth he; "The day is mine! —
 Again at court I hold high place,
 Once more have won the Monarch's grace
 Which unto thee, and all our race,

Will great advantage bring:
 We have no further cause for care,
 For as Lord Chancellor, I bear
 The signet of the King.

As for the Wolf, be sure that he
 Will ne'er again complain of me; —
 With him in open fight I stood,
 And left him weltering in blood,
 And blinded of an eye.

A miracle it is, I wot,
 If he still lives — 'it matters not —
 Mine is the victory!" —

Dame Ermelcin rejoiced at heart,
 That thus her lord had play'd his part;
 Their children too were glad, and they
 Said to each other on that day:

"Now we may live in peace!
 Honour and joy shall be our lot,
 Our cares and sorrows be forgot,
 And all our wealth increase."

XXI.

To wisdom now let each one turn,
 Avoid the base, and virtue learn;
 For to that end, this book is writ,
 So do not fail to purchase it.

Fables and parables can teach,
Knowledge and wit, to all and each;
That they from folly turn away,
And wisdom learn, from day to day.
To buy this book do not disdain,

For worldly knowledge thou wilt gain;
The course of things thou wilt espy,
And in the end, wilt spare thereby.
This is the end of Reynard's story, —
May God assist us to his glory.

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